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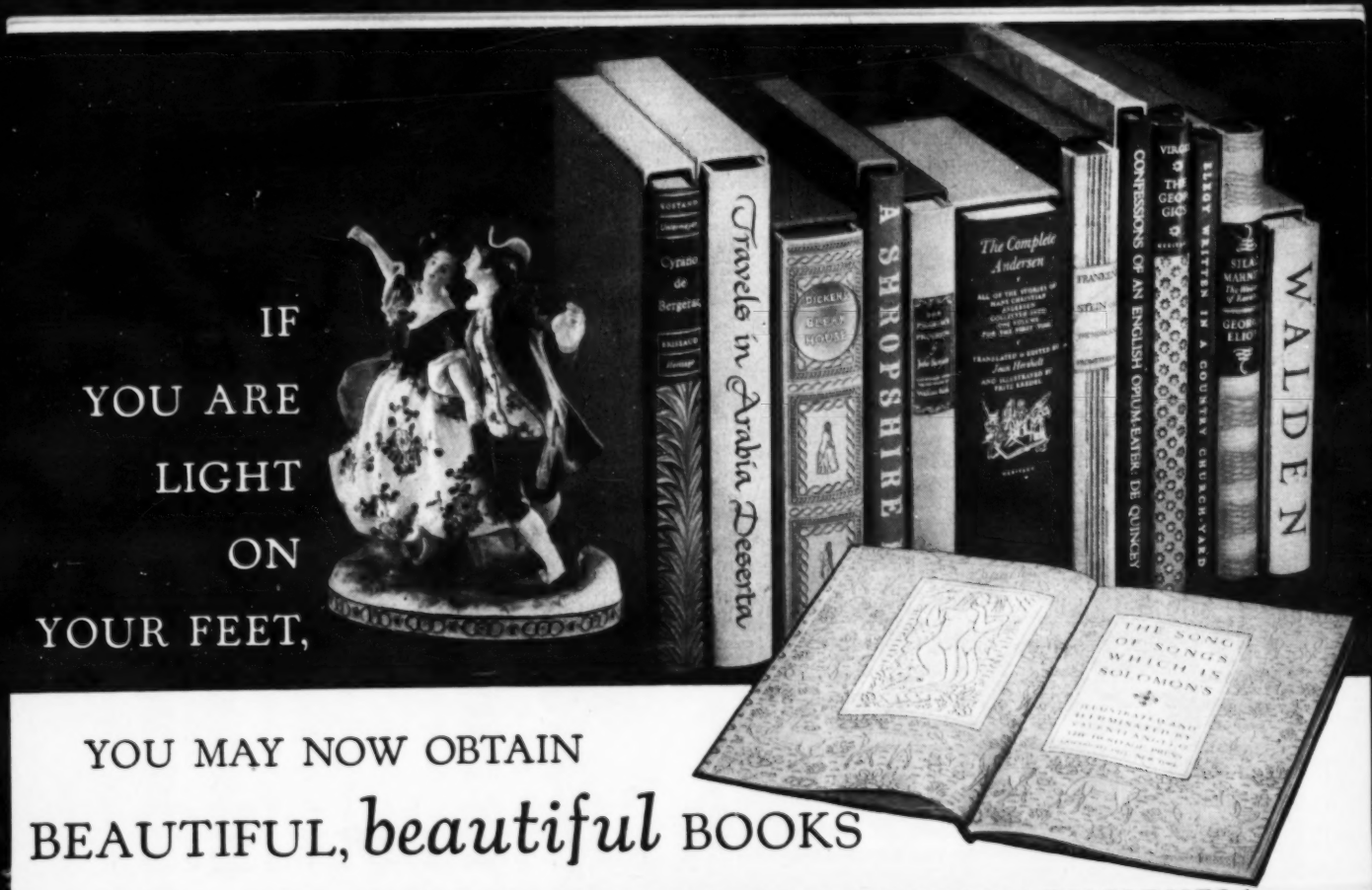
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The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend



YOU MAY NOW OBTAIN

BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* BOOKS

LIKE THESE AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

Yes indeed, PROVIDED YOU ARE QUICK ENOUGH,
you may now fill a vacancy

THERE ARE now thirty thousand members. And, although the Club is starting upon its Nineteenth Annual Series, of the original Charter Members more than half still remain in the membership!

LIKE THESE—AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

Yes indeed, PROVIDED YOU ARE QUICK ENOUGH,

you may now fill a vacancy
in the membership of The Heritage Club—
and thus acquire a unique collection
of the world's classics, especially illustrated
by the world's greatest artists
and superbly printed on fine papers:
for the same price as an ordinary novel!

HURRY! *Hurry!* HUR-R-R-RY! That's what we mean, in the language of the sideshow barker, when we say *if you are light on your feet* and when we say *provided you are quick enough.*

For you may know that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not always open for new members. When some vacancies occur, and the membership rolls are publicly opened for new members through announcements such as this one—why, you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should be quick to seize.

Shall we tell you why?

WELL, The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *deluxe* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are the classics of the world's literatures: especially designed by the greatest of the world's most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been *chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries,* handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library fiction*! Yes, each member pays only $3.65 for each book—or, to make the bargain even more remarkable, *only* $3.28 if he pays in advance!

What is the natural result?

THERE ARE now thirty thousand members. And, although the Club is starting upon its Nineteenth Annual Series, of the original Charter Members more than half still remain in the membership! The "renewal rate" in The Heritage Club is far, far greater than the "renewal rate" of any of the ordinary book clubs. In short, the members themselves are highly satisfied!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared, for the Nineteenth Series; and in it are described the books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months.

Yet you don't have to take any of the listed titles if you don't want them! You are given a list of more than four dozen Heritage books-in-print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet at a price which is a bargain.

OF COURSE, there have been book bargains before; and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books. You are invited to put this statement to the test!

If you will fill out the coupon printed below, and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the Prospectus. Also, one of the limited number of vacancies *will be reserved for you* until you have had time to study the Prospectus.

RESERVATION COUPON

TO
THE
HERITAGE
CLUB
595 Madison
Avenue,
New York 22,
N. Y.

Please send me your new Prospectus, describing the books which you will distribute to the members in the coming twelve months. I understand that you will now reserve one of the remaining memberships for me, awaiting my formal application.

NAME

ADDRESS

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Painting ROBERT HALLOCK
(From the original sculpture in the Kynett Collection, Marine Historical Association Museum, Mystic, Conn.)

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MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

A STAR IS BORN

AFTER FOUR YEARS' absence, Judy Garland returns to the screen in a movie loaded with talent—screenplay by Moss Hart, music by Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin, top-flight director George Cukor, and a great cast—James Mason, Charles Bickford, Jack Carson—in CinemaScope for Warner Bros. This dramatic story, taking you inside Hollywood soundstages, spotlights a girl who finds fame but is unlucky in love.





Judy Garland plays the band singer who overnight becomes Vicki Lester, famous Hollywood star, and James Mason is her excitable, troubled actor-husband.



"Is it for ME?"

You kind of hope it is—for good news and good times often come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for sister Sue. Or a business call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother to find out if things are all right. And everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home.

In many, many ways, the telephone is a real friend of the family. And the cost is small—just pennies a call.

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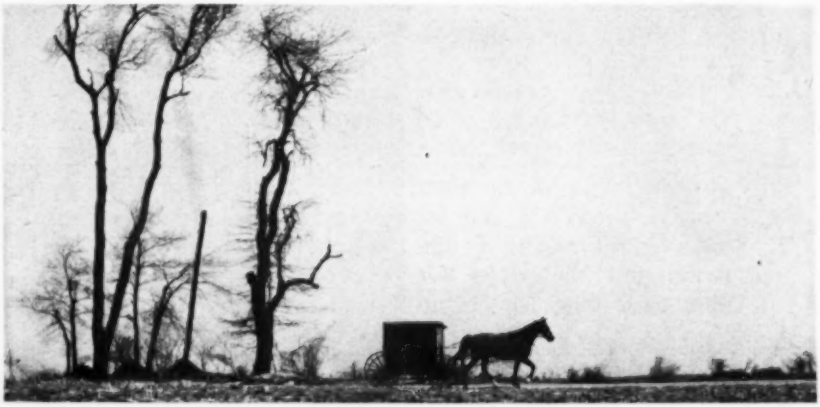
TRAVEL

Land of Tradition





ANOTHER WORLD AWAITS VISITORS to the Pennsylvania Dutch country around Lancaster—the world of the Amish and Mennonite farmers who disdain "worldly" practices, preferring plain garb, horse-drawn buggies, their own quaint language and hard work on their neatly cultivated farms. Gettysburg and other historic sites are nearby in this land of rolling hills, beautiful woods and shoo-fly pie.



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Yes — as an outright gift — as our "Christmas present" to you — please accept an assortment of 25 breathtakingly beautiful Chilton Christmas Cards, smartly imprinted with your name, all ready to mail! Each card is an exquisite expression of the Holiday Spirit. And this lovely, valuable assortment costs you JUST THE 3¢ STAMP YOU USE TO MAIL THE COUPON! The moment you see your Chilton Christmas Cards, you'll realize why thousands of men and women are EARNING EXTRA CASH by showing Chilton greetings to families, friends and neighbors.

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That's why we're making this unheard of offer . . . to demonstrate the pleasures and profits of introducing Chilton Christmas cards. You'll be proud to show your friends and neighbors the samples we will send on approval with your gift cards!

With Chilton Christmas Cards, you'll earn $10, $20, $50 . . . quickly . . . easily! There are literally hundreds of folks right in your own neighborhood who'll thank you for introducing them to the amazing quality and value of Chilton Christmas cards. You need no experience; you get our money-making guides which explain everything.

BUT ACT QUICKLY—THIS OFFER IS LIMITED—ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY!

We'll send you your assortment of 25 *personalized* Christmas greetings, plus other boxes of beautiful Chilton Christmas Cards, on approval. Send no money—pay nothing when your boxes arrive. Show the sample cards to your friends and neighbors. Unless you receive immediate orders, as an active Chilton dealer, keep your gift assortment, return the other cards and *owe nothing!* YOU TAKE NO RISK! Mail the coupon now.

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1808 Roscoe St., Dept. CR-7, Chicago 13, Ill.

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Monday through Friday

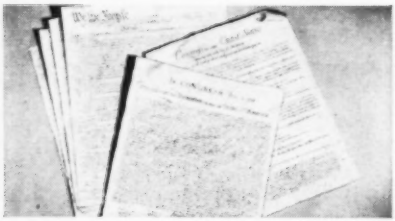


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NEW PRODUCTS

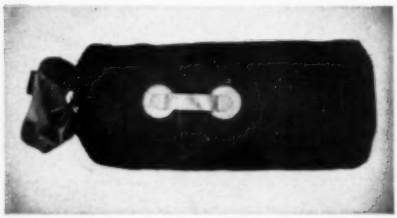
Coronet's Family Shopper



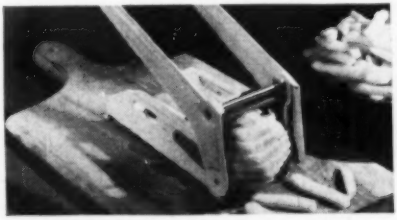
THE CONSTITUTION, Declaration of Independence, and Bill of Rights reproduced full-size on parchment paper, to hang or frame. Set of three, $1. Jeff Elliot, Station CO, Flushing 67, N. Y.



THIS HAPPY clown, 7½" tall, separates into 6-piece Kiddies Breakfast Set: plate, 2 bowls, saucer, cup and salt cellar. $1.95.* Dresden Art Works, 169 W. Madison, Dept. 33, Chicago 2, Ill.



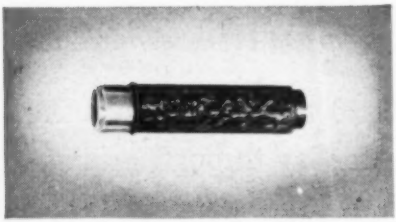
TURTLE NECK Duffle Bag, made of water-repellent duck, has leather handles on side and bottom, and double neck to keep out dust. Size 14" by 31". $4.49. L. L. Bean, Inc., Freeport, Me.



PUT ANY whole potato into French Fry Potato Cutter, press handle, and you get 25 perfect French Fries ready to toss in the fryer. $2.98. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N. J.



PLASTIC Sala-Tossa consists of 2 bowls which fit together so you can toss salad without mess. Separately, they are serving dishes. $2.95, Ett-Barr Co., 2251 Lincoln North, Altadena, Calif.



WIND or no wind, this flameless cigarette lighter works. Tiny Lektrolite, $1.65, comes with 6 months' supply of fluid. Guaranteed. Mardo Sales, Dept. C, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N.Y.

(*Continued on page 16*)

Forgotten something?



Bags all packed, tickets all bought, and here you are—ready for that long-awaited vacation. But if you don't have a certain product tucked into a suitcase, at least a part of your vacation might be spoiled.

For what's more likely to spoil a vacation than not being able to go swimming? Yet, if you use external pads for sanitary protection, you may even feel an understandable reluctance to go to the beach. (External pads with their belts and pins are so bulky!) In fact, you may feel self-conscious about shorts, tapered slacks or clinging dresses.

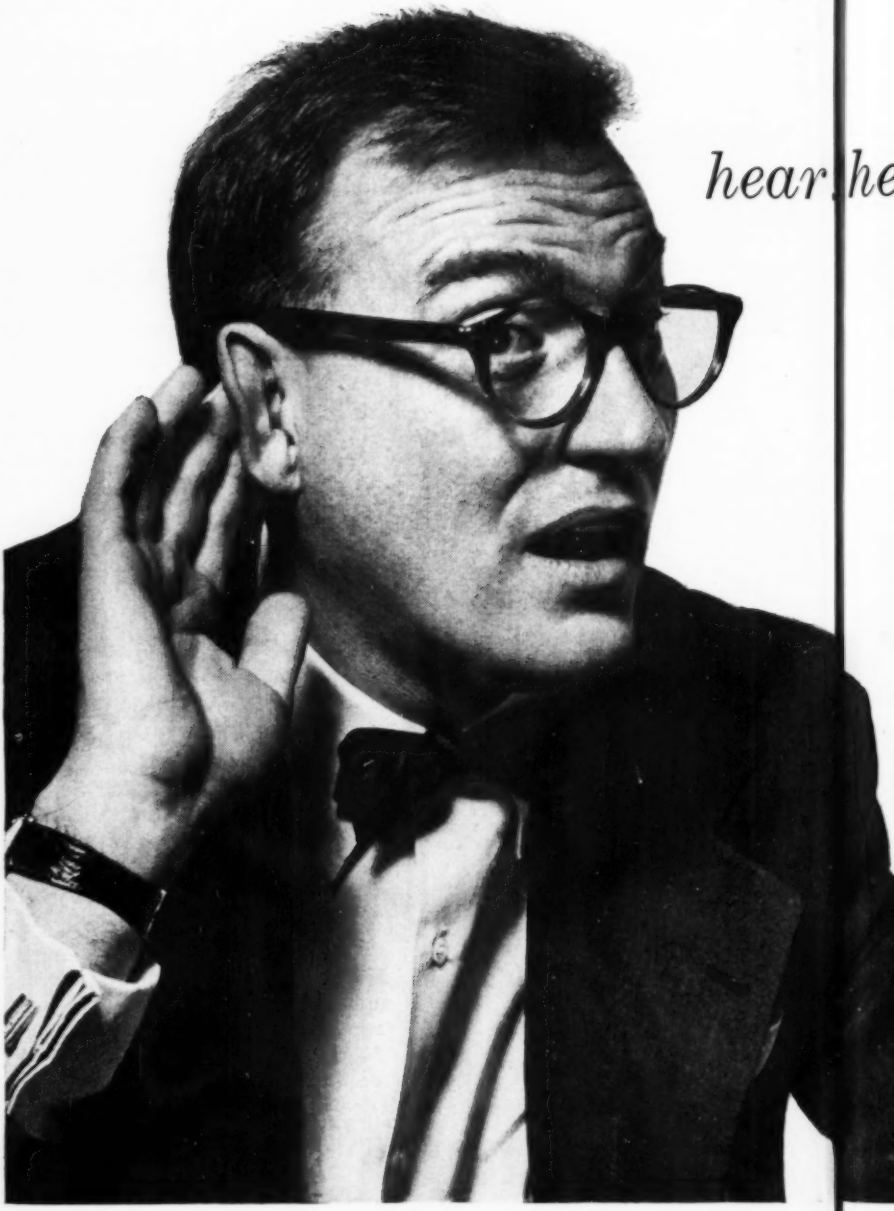
How different—how delightfully different—when you have Tampax with you. Tampax is *internal* sanitary protection. It never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit. And is it *comfortable!* Actually, you don't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. (No chafing, not a speck of irritation.)

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. The Tampax itself is so easy to dispose of that you just don't have any worries. And of course you can wear Tampax in your shower or tub.

One last bit of good news: Tampax actually prevents odor from forming! Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes at any drug or notion counter: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

hear he



r hear!...it's **SUNDAY**

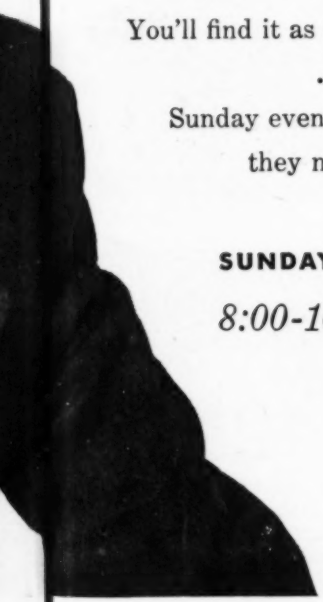
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SUNDAY WITH GARROWAY

8:00-10:00 pm, New York time



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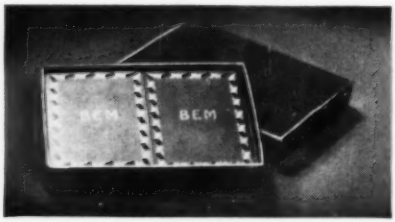
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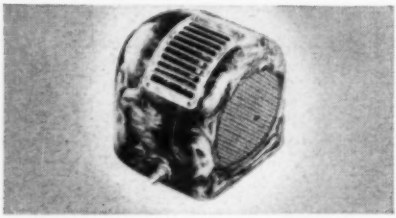
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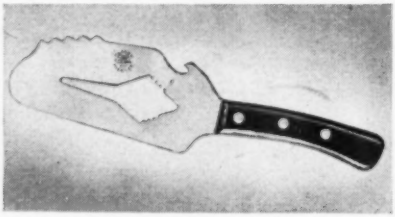
WHITE PINE Patio Cart comes partially assembled and sanded, with easy instructions for setting up, staining or waxing. Howard House, Dept. C, 106 Warren St., N.Y. 7, N.Y. $6.98.*



PERSONALIZED Playing Cards come from Burgess House, 428 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis 15, Minn. Each card has your 2- or 3-letter monogram in gold. 2 decks, bridge or canasta, are $1.95.



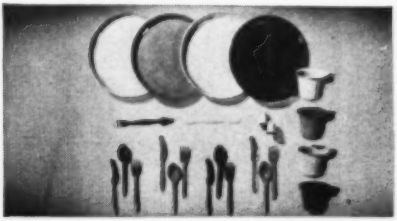
DESK Air Circulator, $13.95, is a handsome, powerful fan. Runs on AC; comes in walnut, ivory, black or grey. For office or home. Hollander, Dept. C, 115 Central Pk. West, N.Y. 23, N.Y.



FINE STEEL Klever Kleever can open bottles and jar lids, loosen ice-cube trays, chop meat, trim fish, tenderize steak, remove nails. Dimensional Prod. 166 2nd Ave., N.Y. 3, N.Y., $3.95.



FLANNEL Evening Out jacket, entirely hand-made and embroidered, is imported from Mexico. $14.75, Old Mexico Shop, 110 Don Gaspar Ave., Santa Fe, N.M. Black or white. Sizes: 12-20.



PICNIC PAK, $1.98, has 24 pieces: salt and pepper shakers, 4 plates, 4 cups, 4 knives, forks, spoons, pickle fork, mustard spreader. Welcome House, 1133 B'way, Dept. CT, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR · Coronet · JULY 1954

Put Your Wife on the Family Payroll

by LUCILLE BRITT

"IF I ONLY HAD SOME MONEY of my own!" is the homemaker's perennial lament. Nine times out of ten she is not wishing for a legacy—just a few dollars each payday, or left over from the household expenses at the end of the month, that she might call her very own.

Every housewife knows that there are two kinds of money: that which has to be spent on the household budget; and that, if any, which she may spend as she sees fit. Here is where the trouble comes in.

What generally happens when Mother has the urge to buy a new hat, uncovers a spectacular money-saving sale, feels like escaping to a matinee, suddenly discovers she must buy someone a shower or wedding present?

"Why, all she has to do is ask for it," says Father defensively. "I'll give her whatever money she needs —if I have it."

Yes, she can ask. And she does, though Father may be in a mood over something that went wrong at work, or perhaps he's just paid a big doctor bill or his income tax. At such times will it promote harmonious marital relations to ask for money to buy the children new snowsuits they won't need until next year but are such a saving to buy now while the sales are on?

When Junior is old enough to realize that candy is given away at the candy store only in return for what grown-ups call "money"—and money is the stuff that Daddy goes out to earn five days a week—his parents sit down with Junior and the family exchequer. They analyze his need for this medium of exchange, how much of it will satisfy him and their ability to provide a steady supply.

Then they either place an allowance in his eagerly upturned hand or assign him tasks whereby he can earn a wage commensurate with his age, needs and the family's ability to pay. "Teaches him to realize the

importance and worth of money," says Father.

"Gives him a feeling of belonging and being important to the family when he shares in its income," says Mother.

Thus, both Father and Junior have earning power and money to spend as they will. But what about Mom? Does she, too, have some money all her own to spend as she pleases?

Joan, my neighbor, came over one morning in tears. John's birthday was the following week and she hadn't a penny to buy a present.

"He always gives me such lovely things," she moaned. "That wonderful suede coat last year and a fitted suitcase the year before. He just cashes his paycheck and buys my present, and I never even know what he paid for it.

"If I ask for money to buy him a present, he'll call me extravagant. I can hear him now, 'Don't bother getting me anything this year. We can't afford it.' What can I do?"

A wife needs money of her own for many such occasions, and there are a number of ways she can get it (none of which make for married bliss). She can open charge accounts and have the bills sent to hubby, who is sole custodian of the checkbook. Or she can arrange to have purchases arrive C.O.D. when the husband is in his easy chair sitting on his wallet and won't make a fuss about paying while the delivery man is at the door. Or she can simply neglect to pay the milk bill or the dry cleaner or the laundryman when she wants to surprise the family with those much-needed slip covers, or, perhaps, when she just feels like being gay and having her hair done by that new hairdresser everyone is talking about.

"When Mary is saving for something special at our house, we eat pancakes and sauerkraut for weeks," Bill Brown says. "By the time she's saved what she needs from the household budget, I'd almost give her something extra just to sink my teeth into a roast."

WHY SHOULD A WIFE have to ask for every bit of extra money she wants and needs? Why not pay her a wage and end her money problems once and for all? Isn't she worth the salary of a domestic?

One school of thought advocates that a man pay his wife a wage equal to 10 per cent of his weekly paycheck. This school even goes so far as to suggest taking this 10 per cent from the husband's check before taxes and allocating it to his wife. For shame! When has it become necessary to look on marriage as a cold pay-as-you-go business?

It seems reasonably safe to assume that fair young Mrs. Donaldson, let us say, entered into the state of holy matrimony with her eyes wide open, for reasons other than the security of free board and room and wages for the rest of her life, and that she is both able and willing to do such work as is necessary to make for Mr. Donaldson, herself and their progeny a happy home.

Likewise, Mr. D. of his free will married this fair young lady to love and to honor—and without any such ulterior motives as gaining a wageless housekeeper. He entered into this marriage contract with a willingness to provide for his children, up to the time when they are able to provide for themselves, and

certainly with a willingness to provide for his mate.

What Mr. D. does not sometimes understand, however, is that this latter provision, today, must go farther than food, essential clothing and medical care. Mrs. D., for her mental and moral well-being, needs to hear the jingle of pocket money.

There are, of course, much better ways of providing this than simply by paying a wife wages. Mr. Allen, for instance, gives Mrs. A. a Christmas present each year that is completely hers to do with as she will. This is added to on special days with fives and tens instead of candy or flowers and provides her with a small but adequate personal fund.

Another husband has given his wife the sole responsibility of a house which is rented. It is in her name, the rent is hers, but so is the payment of taxes, insurance, repairs, etc. Another gives his wife a birthday present of a few shares of stock which she may sell or keep and accumulate the dividends.

Yet there's a still simpler way—the way the Marshalls handle their money—and I've never seen a happier family. They fall in the average budget class: Housing 20%, Operating Expenses 10%, Food 25%, Clothes 15%, Savings 10%, Extras 20%.

It is the "Extras" column that all of them, from five-year-old Tobey on up, watch eagerly. From this come luxuries like new rugs, a new car, new toys, vacations and allowances.

"We keep very careful account of our monthly expenses," Mrs. Marshall tells me. "Paying-bills-time at the end of the month is not for the check writer of the family alone. We all gather around and see exactly where the money goes. And when it's all over, we get our shares —our allowances."

This kind of family sharing gives the homemaker the happy thrill of being able to carry out surprises, purchase special gifts, take advantage of bargains; and, most importantly, it gives her an equal buying power with her husband. It saves her from the necessity of perpetually nagging him for money.

Wages for wives? What wife would want her worth as homemaker, cook, nurse, mother, wife and lover coldly calculated in dollars and cents?

No, husbands and wives can work out a system of allowances for everyone, based on the family income, if they will but sit down with pencil and paper and do a little careful figuring. And when that figuring is done and each is on the family payroll, all will have a new feeling of importance to the group, the warm knowledge of belonging and sharing. Thrift will creep in once everyone knows the financial picture, and good nature will replace angry tempers. For there is no better family safety-valve than pocket money.

MOHANDAS GANDHI once said: "There go the people. I must hasten to follow them, for I am their leader."

—EDWARD R. MURROW

The amazing story of an industry whose product is given away free



by HERTHE STRIKER

ON HER FIRST DAY in America, a German girl walked into a tobacco shop and asked for a pack of cigarettes. As she was about to hand her money to the clerk, she noticed he had included a match book with her purchase.

"No, thank you," she said. "Matches I still have. I bought on the ship."

"You might as well take them," the clerk smiled. "They're free, you know."

The girl was at first incredulous, then delighted. For matches are by no means taken for granted in Europe, where most governments have monopolies and matches are often poor in quality and hard to find. In Germany, they cost about three cents for a booklet of five.

In the United States—the only country in the world where matches are given away free—tobacco dealers, restaurant cashiers, druggists and hotel clerks will hand out 12½ billion match books this year to 112 million Americans. The other 50 million will have no trouble getting a light, since the odds are that seven out of ten people they stop on the street can supply one. And in spite of the fact that nine out of ten are given away free, these little booklets make money for practically everyone who touches them.

It has become so profitable to give away matches that industries in practically every conceivable field vie with each other to see who can hand out the most. Scores of dry-cleaning establishments slip a match book into the pocket of every suit they return. Many businesses watch the birth reports in the daily papers so they can send match books labelled "It's a Boy" or "It's a Girl" and carry advertisements of their products to new parents.

Not content with giving out matches free, some advertisers even clip their products to the booklets. That is how Gillette blue blades were introduced—a sample blade attached to each of five million match books. Cough drops and

chewing gum have been hidden under the covers, and perfume companies have impregnated match books with their odors.

Individuals, too, have tried match-book advertising. Following World War II when many families could not find apartments, they told about their needs on match-book covers—and got results.

Some 250,000 firms spend $26 million a year to supply America with free matches. Extensive surveys have shown them that their money is well spent. They know that less than one booklet in 1,000 is thrown away before its matches are used up, so that virtually all have a chance to win friends and influence customers 20 times. They know that three out of eight Americans can name the advertisers on the match books in their pockets. And they know that an advertising campaign on match books can double, triple and quadruple sales if it is kept up long enough.

The match book, however, was not always a rip-roaring success. Its history is a rags to riches story.

THE PAPER MATCH was born 64 years ago on a pot-bellied stove in the office of Joshua Pusey, a Philadelphia patent attorney. One day it occurred to Pusey that the wooden matches then in general use were troublesome to carry in the pocket. Paper burned as well as wood, he reasoned, and didn't take up as much space. So why didn't somebody make paper matches?

Pusey waited a year or two for someone to invent a paper match, but nobody did. So one morning he got together the chemicals used in making match heads and proceeded to brew them on his office stove. Then he borrowed his wife's scissors, cut 50 thin strips from a piece of cardboard, dipped them into the match-head solution, and stapled them to what was left of the cardboard.

Since he knew what happened to inventions that were left unpatented, he sent this crude ancestor of the modern match book to Washington and was granted a patent on September 26, 1892—the date the match-book industry now celebrates as its birthday.

Unable to manufacture match books himself, Pusey had to stand by while others helped themselves to his idea. Finally he raised money enough to sue the most important violator of his patent right. A few days after the lawsuit was announced, a man with a briefcase came to see him.

Pusey was not surprised. He had expected the company would attempt to buy his rights for a few dollars.

The stranger said the things Pusey expected to hear. A company he represented—he did not wish to say which one—would like to buy the patent rights. Pusey was trying to think of a polite way to say no when he suddenly realized the man was offering him $10,000.

While signing on the dotted line, the inventor remarked that for a sum like that he would be glad to drop a lawsuit any time.

"Lawsuit?" asked the stranger. "What lawsuit?"

It turned out that the firm which bought the patent rights was the then little-known Diamond Match Company. Instead of dropping the suit, Pusey was hired to continue it,

and for the rest of his life he served as Diamond's patent attorney at $10,000 a year.

But when Diamond tried to make money on its investment, it found that the public was used to the more expensive wooden sticks and simply would not buy the flimsy-looking paper things. By 1894—before the paper match was two years old—it seemed to have come to the end of its career.

At that point 28-year-old Henry Traute was hired by a young but hopeful match-book firm to sell paper matches. Traute, a crack salesman, was amazed to discover that not a buyer in the country wanted to see him. He would look up old contacts and be met in the usual hearty way, but when he mentioned the words "match book," these interviews would come to a hasty end.

Baffled, he asked his employers, "Has anyone besides that man Pusey ever made a dime on a paper match?"

Yes, he was told, one company had—but it had *bought*, not *made*, matches. This was the Mendelson Opera Company, a troupe of singers and players. After hiring a hall in New York, there was no money left with which to advertise, so the manager had bought several hundred match books and set the troupe to hand-lettering announcements on them.

Every bit of space—from the cover to the match sticks themselves—was utilized. "WAIT—WE ARE COMING," they wrote, and went on about the "Pretty Girls" and "Handsome Wardrobe." "Look for the Date," they added; and, "Get Seats Early." Then they pasted pictures of their star on the outside cover. Result: the hall was packed.

When Traute heard that, he headed for a lithographer's office. The lithographer could not make out just what it was Traute wanted. An advertisement? But what should he say on the advertisement?

"Anything! Anything!" cried Traute, now far too excited to answer reasonable questions.

He grabbed a magazine from a chair and found an ad for Pabst beer. This he thrust at the lithographer, along with a match-book cover, and told him to print the ad in match-book size. The bewildered man made up the ad as quickly as he could, and Traute took the next train for Milwaukee—where he secured an order from the Pabst brewers for 10,000,000 books with printed covers.

Traute next tried a tobacco firm, and he and his match books were unceremoniously thrown out the door. He turned to their rivals, the producers of Bull Durham, and got an order for 30 million books.

By this time, Traute's home office was in a state of panic. "Stop!" it wired Traute. "To fill such orders, new machinery will have to be invented."

But Traute did not stop. His job was to create the demand; he left it to the home office to furnish the supply. When he finally returned to New York with orders in the billions, he found new machines whipping out the booklets at the rate of 10,000 per hour.

But when the billions of match books with beautifully printed covers hit the market, the public refused to buy them. People said they were dangerous.

Traute had the striking surface

moved to the outside cover, at a safe distance from the match heads, and imprinted with the now familiar "Close Cover Before Striking." Still the public would not be won over, and advertisers began to cancel their orders.

Then Traute came up with another idea. He found a busy street intersection with tobacco shops on all four corners and offered the proprietor of one of them a batch of match books for a small sum.

"Match books!" said the man. "No thanks! I couldn't *give* them away."

"Have you ever tried?" asked Traute. "People like to get things for nothing. I bet you'd sell more tobacco. Why not give it a try?"

"Well, why not?" the dealer finally agreed.

Within a week he was selling twice as much tobacco as usual. Within two weeks the three other dealers on the intersection were handing out free matches. By the end of the year, New Yorkers were getting match books with their tobacco and cigarettes in practically every shop; and inside of five years the practice had spread to the West Coast.

As paper matches gained in popularity they attracted the attention of hobbyists, and today there are over a million match-cover collectors, making match books—next to stamps—the most popular collecting hobby in the country.

To be well thought of by a collector, a cover must have a distinguishing imprint or picture, such as the name of a town, ship or club, or the photo of a national monument. Also, it must be rare.

The most valuable match book of all is one the Mendelson Opera Company put out in 1895. Only a single copy remains. This is probably the saddest looking match book in existence, with its lettering uneven, its cover charred, its pictures faded and three words misspelled. But it lies in state in a guarded vault, insured for $25,000.

The girl who worked on it for half an hour probably never dreamed that giant machines two stories high would eventually pour out match books complete with advertising messages at the rate of 60,000 an hour. It is thanks to this advertising that firms like Diamond, Universal, Maryland, Lion and D. D. Bean, as well as hundreds of smaller companies, can do a multi-million-dollar business; and that the average American can use 3,000 matches every year at a cost of about 31 cents—the lowest cost per capita in the world.

Thumbprints of God



THE INTRICATE, delicate grace of a blossom . . . the rhythm with which a deer walks . . . the perfect ear of a little child . . . a pattern of leaves against the gray sky . . . the silver that comes after the gold of the sun has glimmered and gone . . . the smooth sailing of a swan on a quiet lake . . . the fog that makes a glory on the mountains in the morning.

—BERNICE MCCULLAR, *Journal* (Richland, Ga.)

Doctors are becoming more aware that this tiny organ can be responsible for a wide variety of ailments

The Thyroid Gland: A Key to Health

by LAWRENCE GALTON

NOT LONG AGO, a young housewife who had dragged along for years with interminable colds, hardly ever free of them, got a recheck from her doctor. There had been many tests before—all fruitless. But this time particular attention was paid to the thyroid gland and how it was functioning.

It turned out to be under-functioning just a little. Almost as soon as she was given thyroid tablets to take, the colds disappeared.

The housewife is one of thousands of people with wide variety of problems, many of them previously mysterious and stubborn, who have benefited from recent discoveries about the thyroid—a whole series of discoveries of such scope that they are likely to be of value in virtually every home.

The thyroid gland was one of the first of the endocrine, or hormone-producing, glands to be recognized. It has long been known that the shield-shaped little organ lying in front of the windpipe, just above the breastbone, controls metabolism, the rate at which the body utilizes energy and governs to some extent your appearance and personality.

It has been known, too, that if it overacts, pouring out too much of its hormone, you become thin and excitable. That if it becomes severely underactive, you grow fat and placid at best and, at worst, you suffer from weakness, chilliness, puffiness of the face and profound physical and mental inertia.

But the thyroid, it is now becoming clear, plays even more diverse roles — and can be responsible, when it functions even only slightly off key, for many previously puzzling difficulties.

It was only a slight thyroid deficiency that caused the proneness to colds in the housewife already mentioned — and in 130 patients studied recently by Dr. A. W. Proetz, half of whom were bothered by headaches as well. Various treatments directed at their inflamed nasal passages and headaches had not done any good.

But when Proetz prescribed small doses of thyroid extract, the improvement was as dramatic as in the housewife's case. Dramatic, too, was the return of trouble when, for test purposes, he stopped the thyroid.

When Proetz recently reported

his work in *Laryngoscope*, an ear, nose and throat specialists' medical journal, it was considered so significant that the *Journal* of the American Medical Association published a special editorial calling it to the attention of all doctors.

It suggests, said the *Journal*, that "patients who are deficient in thyroid hormone, and in whom nasal obstruction and headache are prominent symptoms, may tend to nasal infection and nasal allergy [both of which] can often be corrected, or at least influenced, by the administration of thyroid extract alone."

Which in plain words means: Doctor, if you have been baffled by a patient suffering from frequent colds or other nasal infections or nasal allergies, check thyroid functioning. There may be the cause of the trouble and the simple solution to it.

In the same issue, the *Journal* carried a second special editorial pointing out the great significance of still another thyroid discovery. You have probably heard older people, even many in their 40's, complain of increasing fatigue, difficulty in "getting started" in the morning, lack of pep and ambition and varied aches and minor miseries.

"Part of growing old," they explain hopelessly.

In a pioneering study, Drs. S. T. Kimble and E. J. Stieglitz, two authorities on geriatrics, worked with 54 women and 28 men who ranged in age from 40 to 82 years and who had just such "growing old" symptoms and many more. The important fact the doctors discovered was that, whatever their collection of complaints, these patients had one thing in common—thyroid deficiency. Here, again, small doses of thyroid extract, tailored to make up for the deficiency, produced dramatic results.

Great increases in physical vigor and mental alertness occurred. Palpitations of the heart and labored breathing on exertion disappeared. Muscle tone improved. Stubborn constipation was relieved. Anemia that had failed to respond previously now was cleared up with the usual iron and vitamin treatments.

The significance? Many so-called old age complaints may not be the result of age at all. It is a fact that severe thyroid deficiency is rare in the U.S.; but it becomes apparent that milder cases are much more frequent—especially in people past 40—and the symptoms often go unrecognized.

DECLINING THYROID functioning can be readily corrected, and the correction can restore zest for living. It may do more, according to the *Journal's* editorial. It may slow down degenerative processes—even hardening of the arteries. The evidence for that has come only lately.

In 1949, Dr. W. B. Kountz, after investigating 118 patients 45 to 94 years old, was one of the first to suggest a link-up between the thyroid and the arteries.

Then came the report to the American Medical Association from Dr. Lester M. Morrison and his co-workers at the College of Medical Evangelists in Los Angeles. After a careful study of hundreds of patients, Morrison declared, he believed that hardening of the arteries "is a metabolic error (some-

thing gone wrong in the coordination of body processes that build up cells, tissues and organs and have them function properly), not the inevitable accompaniment of advancing age, and that it may be preventable."

By using thyroid extract as one of the basic tools, along with other hormones, a low-fat and low cholesterol diet and certain vitamins aimed at improving liver function, Morrison reported that he and his co-workers, in a series of 230 patients, cut the death rate by two-thirds from what ordinarily could be expected. Patients looked, felt and acted better, and many were able to go back to productive, happy lives.

"YOUR PETS TALK BACK"

***What do our pets really think of us humans? You'll find the startling and amusing answer in this special picture feature. In August* CORONET.**

The work with thyroid in hardening of the arteries is opening up a new avenue toward the solution of one of our great health problems. Meanwhile, thyroid is being applied in many other situations with excellent results. Recently, in New York, to the great relief of not only the child but also of his worried parents, the problems of a four-year-old boy were solved—again by investigating the thyroid.

The boy was one of those children who suffer repeatedly from colds and other upper respiratory infections—almost never free of them. He was also a child who gained weight very slowly, was under par generally. Nothing helped until the parents finally found a physician who had been making a special study of such cases and had tied thyroid deficiency to them.

The doctor had determined that tip-offs on possible thyroid deficiency in such youngsters are often provided by x-rays of the hands and wrists, which show retarded bone development, and by microscopic study of the skin near the fingernails which reveals improperly developed blood capillaries.

Both x-rays and microscopic studies confirmed his suspicion in the boy's case. And there was prompt improvement in the child—an end to the constant respiratory infections, an increase in vigor and weight—after he was given thyroid extract.

The physician, Dr. Bret Ratner of New York Medical College, also reported that many infants with otherwise stubborn eczema showed dramatic improvement when given extract. And he added a new note of hope for asthmatic children. For thyroid extract, his studies show, when used along with measures designed to attack the allergy behind the asthma, is more effective in the long run than such drugs as ACTH and cortisone.

In such variously divergent disorders as infertility, acne, loss of appetite and obesity, thyroid treatment has given good results for many patients. Also, several investigations have spotlighted the dental importance of the thyroid. A high frequency of decay and enamel erosion has been noted in people with reduced thyroid functioning, which also seems to predispose to toothroot troubles.

University of California re-

searchers have discovered, in animal studies, that thyroid hormone controls eruption of teeth. They put their discovery to work on the first human patient—a young man of 18 who still had his baby teeth. When a mild, previously undiagnosed thyroid deficiency was found and thyroid treatment started, his permanent teeth came in promptly.

One of the most significant developments is the use of thyroid in mental illness. Within the past three years, surveys of hundreds of mental patients in the U.S. and England have shown up borderline or low thyroid functioning in many cases. In the English study, 1,800 patients were involved and when a number, in a preliminary test, received treatment only for their disturbed thyroid, encouraging results were achieved.

Only last year, Drs. Lewis Danziger and J. A. Kindwall reported on a controlled study at Milwaukee Sanitarium. Two different groups of mental patients there received thyroid treatment, and nutritional therapy, as well as other types of treatment. The results in both these groups were significantly better than in a group of 122 patients who for comparison purposes received only conventional treatment.

The results in schizophrenia were especially impressive. Sixty per cent of the patients of our mental hospitals have this serious "splitting of the mind" disorder. Because early cases have the best hope of recovery, and the outlook grows almost hopelessly dim as time goes by, many have been considered doomed to spend the rest of their lives in mental institutions.

But at Milwaukee, thyroid treatment brought recovery in a number of patients who had shown no improvement after other treatment. And it succeeded in some patients who had had their illness for more than five years. Three, who had been ill for seven to eight years, responded.

Thyroid treatment also brought recovery to seven of ten manic-depressive patients who had not been able to tolerate the usual electric shock therapy. It helped in psychoneurotic cases, as well, five of seven patients who had failed to improve on usual treatment recovering while on thyroid.

Recovery from mental illness is one thing; staying recovered is no less important. And there was a significantly low rate of relapse in patients who maintained thyroid treatment.

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE to the thyroid story, too—the side of overfunctioning. Excessive thyroid secretion produces, in its classic form, such symptoms as nervousness, sensitivity to heat, sweating, restless overactivity, tremor, palpitation and protuberance of the eyes. But recent work shows that the overactive thyroid may be the previously unsuspected cause of many other problems.

Muscular wasting, loss of appetite, weakness and weight loss, especially in patients over 40, have also been traced to over-activity of the thyroid. At Johns Hopkins Hospital, ten patients had these problems and yet had no goiter or other usual signs of hyperthyroidism. In every case there was rapid improvement with recovery of weight and strength during administration of strong iodine solution or n-propyl-

thiouracil, or both, to remedy the thyroid condition.

The serious, debilitating intestinal trouble—ulcerative colitis—has been helped by drugs commonly used in treating an overactive thyroid. Drs. Herman H. Livingston and R. A. Herfort of New York have reported that 12 patients benefited with weight gains, relief from diarrhea, improvement of anemia and healing of lesions.

The thyroid has even been linked to angina pectoris, the terrible chest pain caused by a temporary inability of the coronary arteries to supply enough oxygen-rich blood to the heart muscle. From work being done at Valley Forge Heart Institute and Hospital in Fairview Village, Pennsylvania, and reported this year, there is hope that the use of radioactive iodine to reduce thyroid activity may prove more effective than other available treatments. Thirty-two patients from 42 to 78 years old received one or two tiny doses of radioactive iodine a few months apart, and almost half had total relief after the first dose.

That little gland located in your throat is assuming rapidly increasing importance. And all these recent discoveries about it and its widely roving secretions promise better health for many thousands.



Battles Vs. Babies

As we look out across a troubled world, let us face the facts—but let us face *all* the facts. There is blackness, yes—but amid the blackness, babies are being born. And in this new life is the promise of a better day.

When I see a newborn baby, I feel a thrill of elation. I ask myself: "Is this one who will lead men into some new promised land; one who will help to redeem this beautiful but shadowed world?"

Fantastic? No. Consider the early years of the last century when Europe was being overrun by Napoleon. With bated breath, men watched the career of this megalomaniac who bestrode Europe like a Colossus. And all the while babies were being born.

Look at some of these babies. Take a year midway between the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo—the year 1809. In that year Prime Minister Gladstone was born in Liverpool, and Lincoln on a Kentucky farm. Charles Darwin made his debut in Shrewsbury, and Oliver Wendell Holmes opened his eyes in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Music was enriched by the birth of Felix Mendelssohn at Hamburg.

Nobody paid any attention to these babies except their families. Everyone's eyes were riveted on the battles being fought. But looking back from the vantage point of the present, it is easy to answer the question: Which mattered more, the battles of 1809 or the babies of 1809?

Some day, men will ask the same question concerning the battles and the babies of 1954. And the answer will be the same!

—*Standing Up To Life*, Frank Halliday Ferris, (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc.)

Washington's Strangest Statue

by PETER LIND HAYES



ON VIEW in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., is a statue of George Washington, and if statues could talk . . .

In 1832, Congress appropriated $5,000 and Horatio Greenough, renowned Boston sculptor, was commissioned to execute in marble a pedestrian statue of the Father of Our Country. The statue would occupy a place of honor in the Rotunda of the Capitol.

Mr. Greenough took a studio in Florence, Italy, and went to work. But it was not until nearly eight years later that the 11-foot, 20-ton statue was finished and solidly packed in a large wooden crate.

Then the trouble started. The only road to Leghorn, the nearest seaport, was very narrow and lined with olive trees on either side. Getting the statue through caused considerable damage, which was included in the sculptor's bill of $8,311.90 for expenses.

At Leghorn, demurrage charges of $100 a day piled up as the cumbersome crate caused delay after delay in getting it aboard ship. Similar delays at the point of disembarcation, the Washington Navy Yard, resulted in more demurrage.

When the long-awaited day of unveiling came, spectators gasped; then some laughed, a few applauded.

Sculptor Greenough had portrayed our first President in the style of sculpture popular at the time—as a Roman statesman with marble toga draped loosely about his middle, wreath around his head and Roman sandals on his feet.

Controversy over the statue raged. Some artists criticized it unmercifully, others maintained it to be a work of art. On Capitol Hill, Congress debated its merits.

Meantime, more trouble arose. The statue was so heavy that it was removed from the Rotunda and placed outside where a temporary wooden structure was erected to protect it.

This led to the rumor that the shed was to hide the monstrosity from public view. By 1847, Congress had appropriated a total of $42,170.74 to carry the statue through its many vicissitudes.

In 1908 it had become so weathered that a final $5,000 was voted to move it to the Smithsonian Institution. There it still stands—one of the most troublesome and controversial statues in history.

Peter Lind Hayes stars on his own CBS radio network show, Saturdays 1:30-2 P. M., EST.

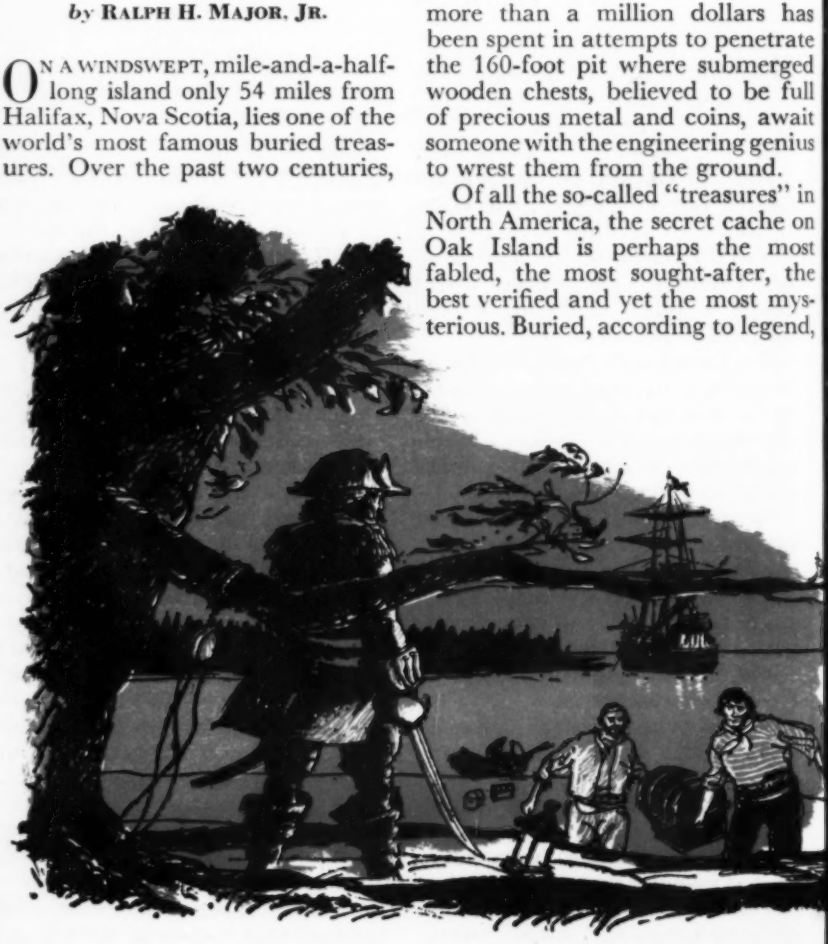
For more than 150 years, the world's most ingeniously guarded hoard has eluded all searchers

THE BURIED TREASURE OF OAK ISLAND

by **RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.**

ON A WINDSWEPT, mile-and-a-half-long island only 54 miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia, lies one of the world's most famous buried treasures. Over the past two centuries, more than a million dollars has been spent in attempts to penetrate the 160-foot pit where submerged wooden chests, believed to be full of precious metal and coins, await someone with the engineering genius to wrest them from the ground.

Of all the so-called "treasures" in North America, the secret cache on Oak Island is perhaps the most fabled, the most sought-after, the best verified and yet the most mysterious. Buried, according to legend,



by Captain Kidd's lieutenants around 1720, the trove has defied recovery ever since three youngsters from the mainland stumbled upon the grass-overgrown pit. Since then, no less than 20 attempts have been made to retrieve what experts have called "the world's most perfectly buried treasure."

Oak Island is a heavily-wooded islet off Nova Scotia's rugged coast. Certainly it has nothing to distinguish it beyond the fact that a fabulous treasure lies buried there. First to discover what must stand as one of the greatest engineering achievements of its time were Jack Smith, Tony Vaughan and Daniel McInnes, three youths from nearby Lunenberg on Nova Scotia.

This trio landed from their canoe one day in 1795 and soon noticed, about 400 feet from shore, a majestic oak from which a long lower limb projected over a depressed square of earth. The limb showed signs of block-and-tackle pressure; the depressed ground indicated a one-time excavation.

Next day, the three returned to Oak Island equipped with shovels, axes and picks. They began to dig. Ten feet down they hit something hard. It turned out to be a platform of six-inch-thick oak planks. Why was it there? To protect a golden trove? The boys' imaginations were fired. Ten feet farther they hit another oaken barrier. Thirty feet down a similar platform halted their progress.

The youths returned week after week to probe deeper into the pit until exhaustion forced them to postpone further digging. Back in Nova Scotia, they began asking guarded questions about the isle.

Oak Island, they learned, was under some black curse. Back in 1720, so the story went, mainlanders had seen strange lights flickering there. Several boatmen ventured close enough to observe pirate-garbed men working amid roaring bonfires. Two fishermen rowed in to inspect the activity. They were never seen again.

Through the years, the three young Nova Scotians continued to nourish their dream. With the birth of the Smiths' first baby, the trio enlisted a new convert. He was Dr. John Lynds, the attending physician, who was so fired with Jack Smith's enthusiastic tales that he refused a delivery fee in return for a stake in the enterprise.

After Dr. Lynds had raised capital to buy equipment and hire labor, the work on Oak Island began in earnest. At 40 feet, another platform interrupted the digging. Still another was uncovered at 50 feet. On they dug, encountering platforms of oak, coconut or hardened putty every ten feet.

At 90 feet, the shovels struck a perplexing new mystery—a flat stone tablet, three feet by 16 inches, covered with curious engraved characters. Although scientists at the time were unable to decipher the hieroglyphics, The Rev. A. T. Kempton of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1928 translated them to read: "FORTY FEET BELOW, TWO MILLION POUNDS ARE BURIED."

Inspired by discovery of the strangely-engraved stone, the dig-

gers worked furiously. Down and down the shovels went. Then, 100 feet below the surface, they struck a solid layer which they believed would prove to be the last barrier above a subterranean chamber. Exalted, Dr. Lynds ordered work stopped until next morning.

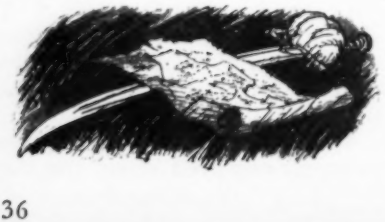
When the sun rose, a cry of disappointment came from the workers' lips. For, overnight, water had risen in the shaft to within 35 feet of the top!

Cursing and perspiring, the workmen bailed and pumped, pumped and bailed for weeks, until bad weather forced them to suspend operations.

The next summer, Dr. Lynds and his friends were back on the job. Now they dug a new shaft alongside the flooded treasure-pit, hoping to divert into it the water which sealed off the subterranean chamber. At 98 feet they began to cut horizontally toward the flooded pit. But when a shovel sliced through the last few feet of earth, tons of water poured into the auxiliary shaft, drowning three workmen.

The water quickly rose to the same level as in the treasure pit. Discouraged and broke, the Lynds company gave up the search.

It was not resumed until 1849, when Dr. Lynds and Tony Vaughan set off for Oak Island with a newly-recruited crew and drilling equipment developed for coal mining. Just above the water level they built a platform from which a pod augur was lowered into the shaft.



When the augur had bitten through the last platform, it passed into an area apparently filled with shifting bits of metal. When the drill was raised, a shout of joy rose from the crowd about the pit. Three massive gold links, from a chain in the treasure chamber, were entwined about the end of the bit.

From the chain links and pieces of wood brought to the surface, the company's engineer deduced that the treasure trove consisted of several oaken chests and casks, each brimming with metal in various forms. But 75 feet of water still separated them from the hoard.

Since the water in the pits was salty, the diggers reasoned that an underground tunnel must connect the two shafts with the ocean. Further exploration did, in fact, uncover a fan-shaped entrance with five intakes at Smith's Cove, 460 feet from the pit. The intakes drained into a central tunnel which led to the treasure shaft.

In an effort to detour this tunnel, a 118-foot shaft was sunk on the southern side. Now hopes for success were high. But water pressure in the tunnel was so strong it collapsed the third shaft, and the bottom of the money pit fell in. Back to Nova Scotia went the second Oak Island treasure company, bankrupt and beaten.

In 1863, a powerful engine and pump were brought to the island. They succeeded in keeping water in the 118-foot shaft below the 100-foot level. But when an engineer warned the shaft was about to cave in, this attempt was abandoned.

Soon a fourth company was or-

ganized, which tried to sink tunnels to intercept the horizontal tunnel from Smith's Cove. This expedition, too, failed miserably. In 1865 and 1874, still other companies poured more than $70,000 into the watery pits.

Then, in 1893, perhaps the most ambitious scheme of all was launched. It was the Oak Island Treasure Company, Inc., organized by an insurance man, Frederick L. Blair of Amherst, Nova Scotia.

Blair's outfit reopened and widened the treasure shaft and began a new one. Drills soon reached the unprecedented depth of 108 feet. Samples removed from the bits helped engineers plot the area of a subterranean room, seven feet deep and five feet square, surrounded by a 20-inch framework of wood and cement. Borings produced more evidence of human activity—one, a tiny ball of parchment on which, when flattened out, the letters *ui*, *vi* or *wi* were found to have been written in black ink.

But the horizontal tunnel from Smith's Cove still impeded any real progress. Blair's men determined to cut off the water at its source. They drilled five holes 50 feet inland from the sea. At the base of each, dynamite was exploded. But at hole No. 4, which they believed nearest the tunnel, heavy charges of dynamite failed to bring water to the surface.

Next they forced red dyes into the treasure pit, hoping colored water emerging at Smith's Cove would locate the main "finger" that fed the tunnel. To their amazement, water in the cove was uncolored. But—at the south side of the island, directly opposite Smith's Cove—tinges of red stained the beach. *Two* tunnels had been burrowed to guard the treasure!

For four more years, work continued. New shafts went down, some as deep as 160 feet. But in 1897, the syndicate gave up. Still obsessed with dreams of riches, however, Blair bought out his other backers and kept plugging away. In 1903, even he admitted defeat.

YEARS LATER, a parchment map, bearing tracings which appeared to conform to the contours of Oak Island, was discovered in a London bookshop. In 1934, it came into the hands of Gilbert D. Hedden, a retired steel manufacturer of Newark, New Jersey. He proceeded to buy parts of the island and retain the Pennsylvania mining and drilling firm of Sprague & Henwood. They electrified the island through submarine cables to the mainland and sunk a 155-foot shaft on the original site. Water was kept back with high-speed electric pumps.

But somehow, success eluded the party. After digging several pits, the Hedden project was abandoned in 1939. About the same time, Hedden learned, to his chagrin, that the map which had inspired him actually referred to an island thousands of miles away in the China Sea.

Since the Oak Island treasure pit was discovered 159 years ago, some 20 separate expeditions have been mounted to exhume the hoard from its water-guarded tomb. More than $1,500,000, by conservative estimate, has been poured into the 38 shafts which today honeycomb the island's terrain.

Although World War II interrupted serious treasure-hunters, ex-

peditions have visited the island virtually every summer since to probe existing holes and try to sink new ones.

The latest treasure party was started in 1949 when J. Whitney Lewis, a New York mining engineer, purchased the island by arrangement with the Province of Nova Scotia. He also bought the search permit which had been owned up to that time by the heirs and descendants of Frederick Blair. Their claim was about to expire and Mr. Lewis, grateful for the half million dollars' worth of equipment and activity which had been put into the island, has included them in the current division of interests.

Lewis also took into partnership Mel R. Chappell, of Nova Scotia, a contractor and son of the man who brought up the fragment of parchment while working for Blair.

Searching started again under the new company in 1952 when Chappell took a power shovel to the island. He and his crew members dug a 60-foot hole approximately 100 feet away from the money pit. A core drill was sunk to drill holes but all work proved fruitless, as did further efforts in 1953. Lewis' enthusiasm remains strong, however, in spite of the fact that the only "treasure" brought up has been the fragment of parchment and a tiny bosun's whistle found near the turn of the century. It is carved in bone, in the shape of a violin. Lewis holds the 3-inch memento as an assurance that there is more to come.

Who was responsible for this engineering enigma? No one really knows. For years it was popularly believed that successors to pirate Captain Kidd, executed in 1701, had buried the treasure. A later theory held that the cache was part of loot captured by Spanish marauders in the 15th and 16th centuries and diverted from shipments earmarked for Spain.

Still another theory concerns the French crown jewels. When Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette fled Paris during the French Revolution, the jewels were entrusted to a lady-in-waiting who succeeded in escaping. History shows that she did reach Louisberg, a few miles north of Oak Island on the Nova Scotia mainland, then known as the "Paris of the Western World." The jewels were never recovered, and there are people who believe they lie at the bottom of the pit.

Whatever the theories about the origin, the fact remains that the burial of the Oak Island treasure involved a stupendous feat of engineering. It is almost inconceivable, but true, that probably unschooled and untrained men were able—more than 200 years ago—to conceive and construct a subsurface hiding place that has defied the best brains and talents in the modern engineering world.



THERE'S NOTHING WRONG with having a one-track mind—provided you're on the right track. —PAUL STEINER

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

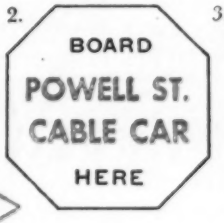
Where Are You?

Recently Ed Sullivan celebrated his fifth anniversary as host of "Toast of the Town" (CBS-TV network, Sundays, 8 to 9 P.M., EST). As a syndicated columnist, he has driven through most of the country and seen the signs below, each in a different city. Can you name the cities? (Answers on page 134.)

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



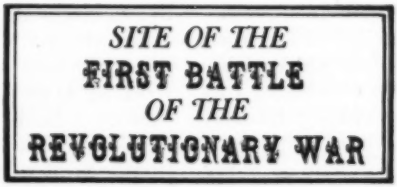
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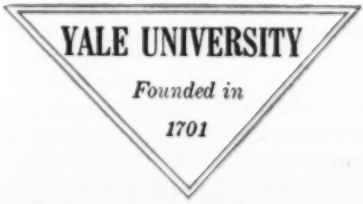
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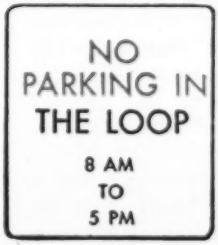
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11.

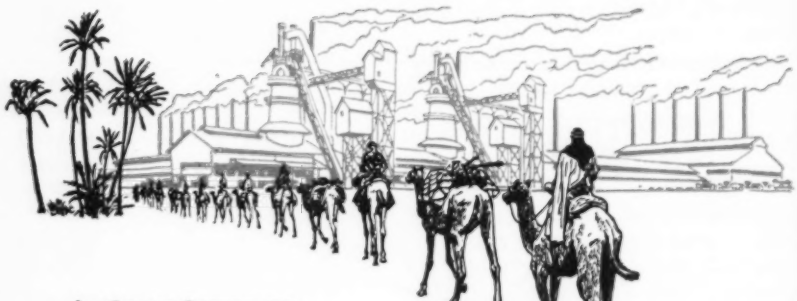


12.



Maurice Rotival is a regional planner whose workshop is the world

REBUILDER OF NATIONS



by OSCAR SCHISGALL

THERE IS NO SIMPLE TERM by which to describe the extraordinary profession of Maurice Rotival. This small, brisk, gray-haired Frenchman in his middle 50's fits into no single category.

He charts networks of highways without calling himself an engineer; designs cities without calling himself an architect; brings water and vegetation into deserts without calling himself an agriculturist; and, indeed, reshapes whole nations, including their harbors and rivers and industries, without calling himself a magician.

Rotival himself says he is a regional planner. The door of his Wall Street office bears the inscription: International Planning. His wife smilingly tells you, "Maurice is simply a man who has learned how to turn great dreams into reality."

Certainly no dreamer ever led a more rigorous life. Apart from his New York office, he has branches in Caracas, Cairo, Paris, Johannesburg and Madagascar. Flying from one to another, he travels between 100,000 and 150,000 miles a year.

In the course of visiting the various international jobs in which he is engaged, he has crashed half a dozen times in jungles, on the desert, in the sea. Once, when his plane plunged into the Mediterranean, Rotival kept afloat for 22 hours despite a broken leg; he was more dead than alive when a fisherman finally hauled him into a boat.

In New York, Rotival does his "dreaming" at long tables strewn with charts, maps, reports and aerial photographs. These he studies through the smoke of interminable cigarettes. If they evoke visions of what the world can and will be tomorrow, they are such practical visions that since World War II half a dozen countries have turned

them into gigantic nationwide construction projects.

Venezuela, for example, is being virtually rebuilt according to Rotival blueprints at a cost of several billions. Madagascar, third largest island in the world, offers further evidence of how Rotival dreams become realities.

This remote French territory, almost 1,000 miles long and some 300 wide, had been allowed to lie undeveloped. The French Government retained Rotival to survey Madagascar and present a plan for making it self-supporting.

He went about the job in his customary way. First he made countless flights over the island, studying its topography. He made hundreds of quick sketches of what he saw—the windings of rivers, the shapes of valleys and mountainsides, the location of villages and forests and swamps and jungles. After weeks of this he traveled on foot and in dugout canoes, going deep into the primitive wilderness to talk with natives.

After long weeks of initial study, Rotival assembled his "team" of engineers, geologists, agriculturists, draughtsmen, architects; in fact, the Madagascar staff of almost 100 experts represented practically every science.

He sent these men to make their own surveys. They brought back reports in every conceivable form—drawings, photographs, maps, bulging manuscripts—the most exhaustive study that had ever been made of Madagascar. Taking the reports back to New York, Rotival analyzed and "dreamed" over them for the better part of a year.

"What we had to work with," he says, "was a huge volcanic island full of untouched resources. Our problem was how best to develop them."

Rotival's spectacular Plan for Madagascar has been in operation for almost two years. Reclamation has already turned an immense dead marsh into a shallow lake that is becoming one of the world's largest rice fields. Around Nossi-be, the production of sugar, spices and tropical fruits is giving the island a new and profitable major industry. Here the Plan calls for the erection of a refinery, already under way, that will turn out 100,000 tons of sugar a year.

In the Sakoa area, where geologists found immense coal fields, mining is about to begin. The Plan insists that the coal be used locally and not exported.

"Coal means power," Rotival explains. "We shall build not only electric power plants in the coal fields, but also factories to yield synthetic oils and chemical products. From here, pipe lines will carry gas to other parts of the island. Within ten years we shall change the life of the natives from toil with oxen to work based on mechanization.

"If people are to be truly happy," he adds, "they must have more than jobs. They must live in comfortable homes, in pleasant communities. A planner faces social problems as well as economic problems and, to be effective, his plan must bring them all into equilibrium."

And it is precisely the way Rotival works. While new industries are being developed in Madagascar, you see—as in Venezuela—the simultaneous construction of schools, hos-

pitals, roads; you see rivers being dredged and harbors being deepened.

The schools and the hospitals are one of his major concerns. "There is little point in giving people huge hydroelectric installations," he argues, "unless they are sufficiently educated and physically well enough to handle them."

He has followed such theories also in French Guiana, where he is chief planner in the colony's reconstruction program. The purpose of this job, like the one in Madagascar, is to make Guiana self-sustaining instead of a drain on the French economy. Part of the project, by the way, involves turning "Devil's Island" into a tourist resort—preserving the historic interest of its prisons and dungeons as attractions to draw tourist dollars.

Perhaps the most long-range of Rotival's international jobs, however, is the reclamation of a vast part of the Sahara Desert. Can these wastes, crossed today only by lonely camel caravans, be forced to yield mineral treasures? Can they be made fertile? Can irrigation canals be run across them?

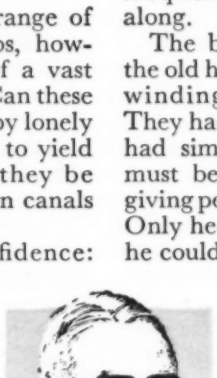
Rotival says with confidence: "Geologists have found many indications of mineral wealth under the Sahara sands. And they have struck water only 300 feet below the surface. Work has started. I think you will see miracles in the desert."

While all this is going on, Rotival is also busy with projects in the United States. For instance, Rotival became interested in the town of Simsbury, Connecticut—population 5,000—when his son went there to attend school. He offered his services as a labor of love—and for the past ten years Simsbury, in rebuilding and beautifying itself under his guidance, has become a model American community.

The city of New Haven has retained Rotival to help in the reclamation of its waterfront and in the construction of great new highways. His interest in New Haven stems from the fact that for years he had been lecturing at Yale as head of the Planning and Research Section in the School of Fine Arts.

Rotival began his own preparations in boyhood. In his native France his father was a railroad official who traveled extensively and frequently took young Maurice along.

The boy used to wonder about the old hill towns with their narrow, winding, step-climbing streets. They had never been planned; they had simply grown. He felt there must be more intelligent ways of giving people good living conditions. Only he didn't know how or where he could learn to do it. There were no prescribed college courses, no precedents to follow.



ROTIVAL

After serving with the French forces in World War I—in which he became a lieutenant assigned to liaison work with the Americans—Maurice entered the University of Paris to study for his self-conceived profession.

He was concerned with human welfare, so he took his Bachelor of Arts degree in the humanities. But he would need science, too. Therefore he acquired a Bachelor of Science in mathematics and a Master's with special work in engineering. As a post-graduate, he took courses in languages, then rounded out his formal studies with law and economics.

The next ten years he devoted to the kinds of work he felt would be essential to him. He spent three years with an engineering firm, working on bridges, canals, harbors; two with a British bank, steeped in economics; two with an American construction firm; one as a railroad engineer; and shorter periods with various architects.

In the midst of this preparation he did something he had not planned at all. He married an American girl with whom his sister had gone to school—Leila Holt, daughter of Dr. Hamilton Holt, then president of Rollins College.

Rotival supported his wife with his various preparatory jobs until, in 1931, he at last felt ready to try planning and opened an office in Paris. Through builders and architects with whom he had worked he got a few modest commissions—helping plan an urban zone near Le Touquet, a residential district near Toulouse, housing developments in Paris.

All were small jobs at low fees. But the philosophy Rotival brought to them—"whatever we do should in some way contribute to human comfort and happiness"—caused comment.

Some of this comment reached the ears of King Feisal of Iraq, who was in Paris. The King had been considering the modernization of the ancient city of Baghdad. He sent for Rotival, probed into his ideas. Then he made an offer: Rotival would be flown to Baghdad and given five days to study the city. If his suggestions "excited" King Feisal, there would be a contract.

With deep misgivings Rotival accepted the challenge. How much could you do in five days? At the end of the fifth day he presented himself before the King. Spreading papers on the palace carpet, he drew imaginative pictures of the Baghdad of the future.

When he finished, King Feisal said, "Start at once!"

There it was—the first foreign commission. Rotival outlined the project to a local "team" of builders, architects, engineers and so on, leaving the actual construction to them. Thereafter, he came to Iraq every few weeks to observe progress and offer suggestions. The changes he made in Baghdad increased the value of the King's real estate along the Tigris by some $10,000,000.

The success of this job led to other commissions. He worked in Algiers and in Morocco, changing old fortifications into modern cities; years later, his detailed maps were used by the Allies in the invasion of North Africa.

He planned construction for the city of Antwerp, for part of Tunis, for the Djibouti region in Somaliland. After World War II, he was called across the Atlantic to help plan an oil city in South America.

Through all this, his wife made some attempt to live where he worked; but he hopped around so often that she found it impossible

to establish a permanent home, though Paris was her headquarters. Finally, in the late 1930's, after they had a son, the Rotivals moved to the U.S., buying a 200-year-old house in Woodstock, Connecticut. They wanted their boy to be educated in America.

The boy, now 23, is going into the Foreign Service; and they have a daughter, 13, who is in school.

World War II interrupted Rotival's career. He enlisted at once, later becoming a Colonel in the Free-French Air Force. Until the North African invasion, when he went overseas, he was stationed in Washington as Assistant Chief of the French Military Mission. In North Africa he was 12 times cited for valor and holds the French War Cross and the American Bronze Star. He is a Commander of the French Legion of Honor and a Commander of the American Legion of Merit.

After the war ended he went to Berlin as assistant secretary general of the French Delegation to the Inter-Allied Control Council. But as soon as these duties ended he returned to regional planning.

Rotival's commissions generally come from governments. "I am like a doctor called in to diagnose a case," he says. "My first job is to determine what is wrong. Then, I may recommend drastic surgery."

For this initial service he charges a flat fee based on the amount of time required, the number of assistants needed and the traveling to be done. These diagnostic fees run anywhere from $25,000 to $100,000—and higher in special cases like those of Venezuela and Madagascar.

Once his plan has been accepted (perhaps months or years later) Rotival becomes the "surgeon." He supervises the operation and its schedule. Sometimes he helps devise methods of financing the projects.

For this second phase Rotival's fees run from a minimum of $30,000 to as much as $100,000 a year. With half a dozen projects running concurrently, he does very well.

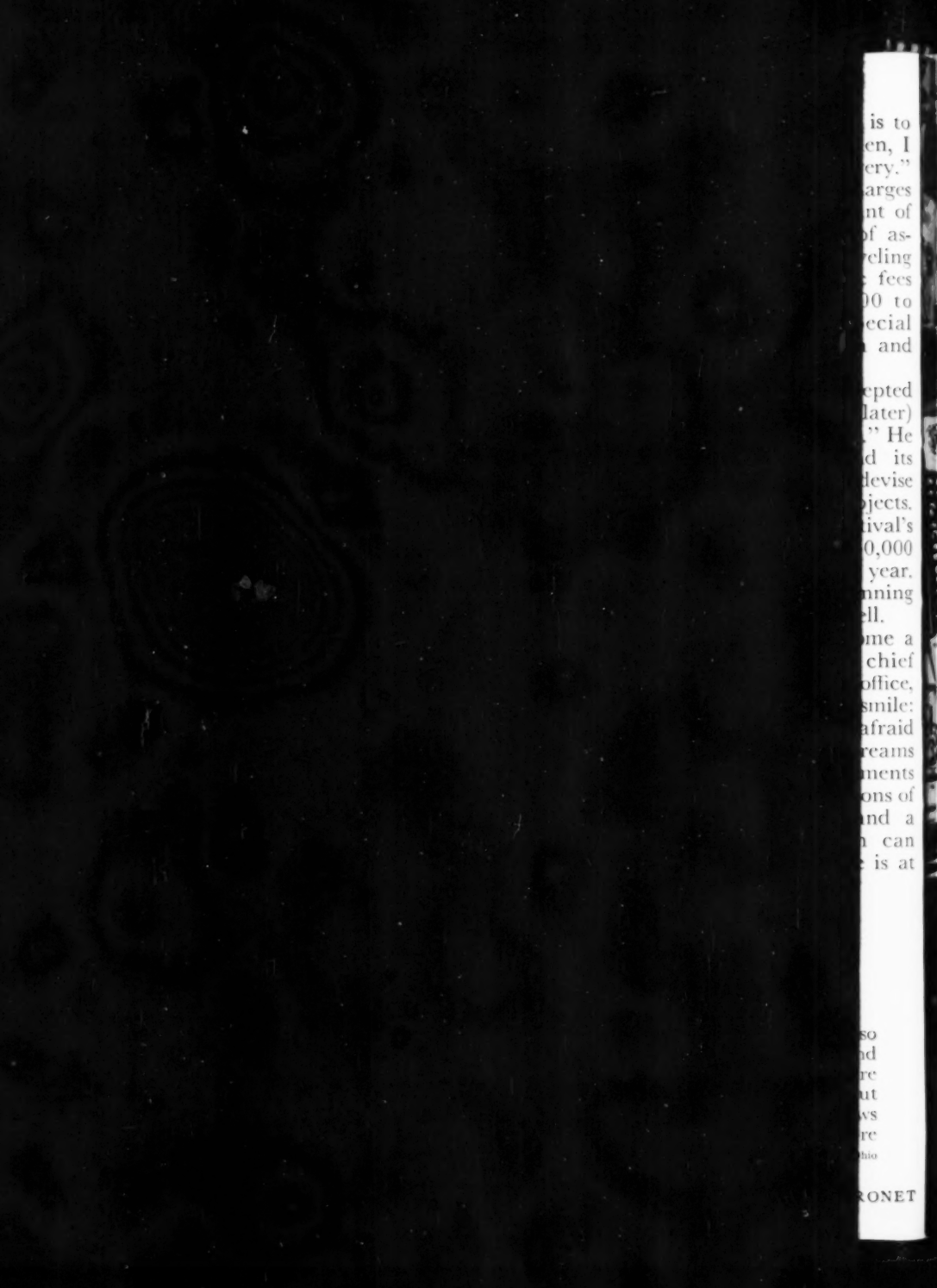
What does it take to become a regional planner? Rotival's chief assistant in the New York office, Steve Carroll, says with a smile: "He has to be a dreamer not afraid to dream bold, magnificent dreams —the kind into which governments and individuals will pour billions of dollars, incalculable work and a lifetime of hope. If a man can produce dreams like that, he is at heart a regional planner."

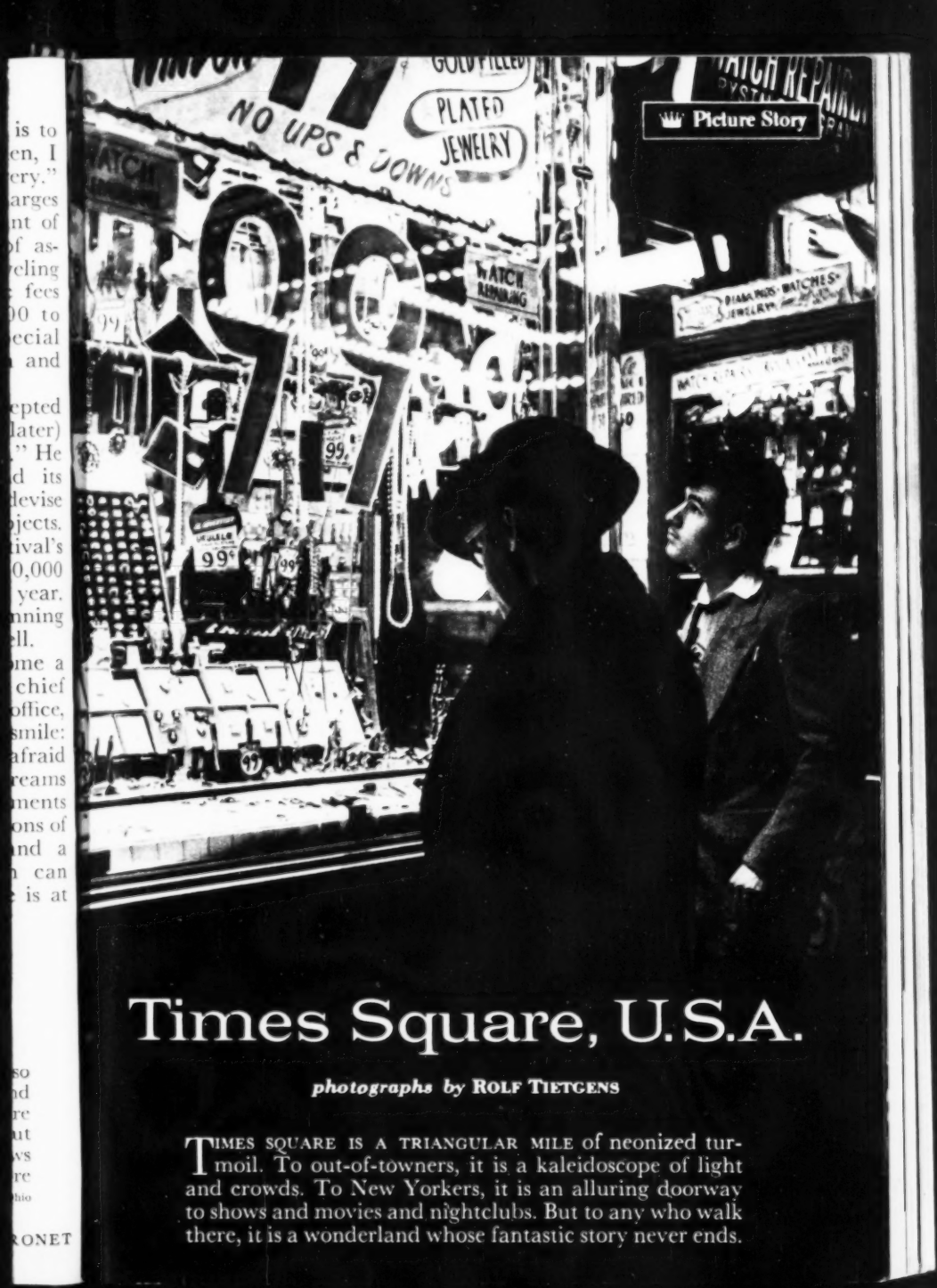


Conversation Piece

OF COURSE, PARENTS are still fashionably emancipated. They are so glad they have kept up with their organizations, their bridge and their golf so that they have plenty of outside interests now the kids are grown up. But to bring a real gleam to their eyes, don't ask them about the four-club convention, the proper stance for putting or their views on foreign policy. Just say, "What do you hear from the kids?" and you're sure to be a conversational success. —JACQUELINE HENNEY, Herold Chagrin Valley, Ohio



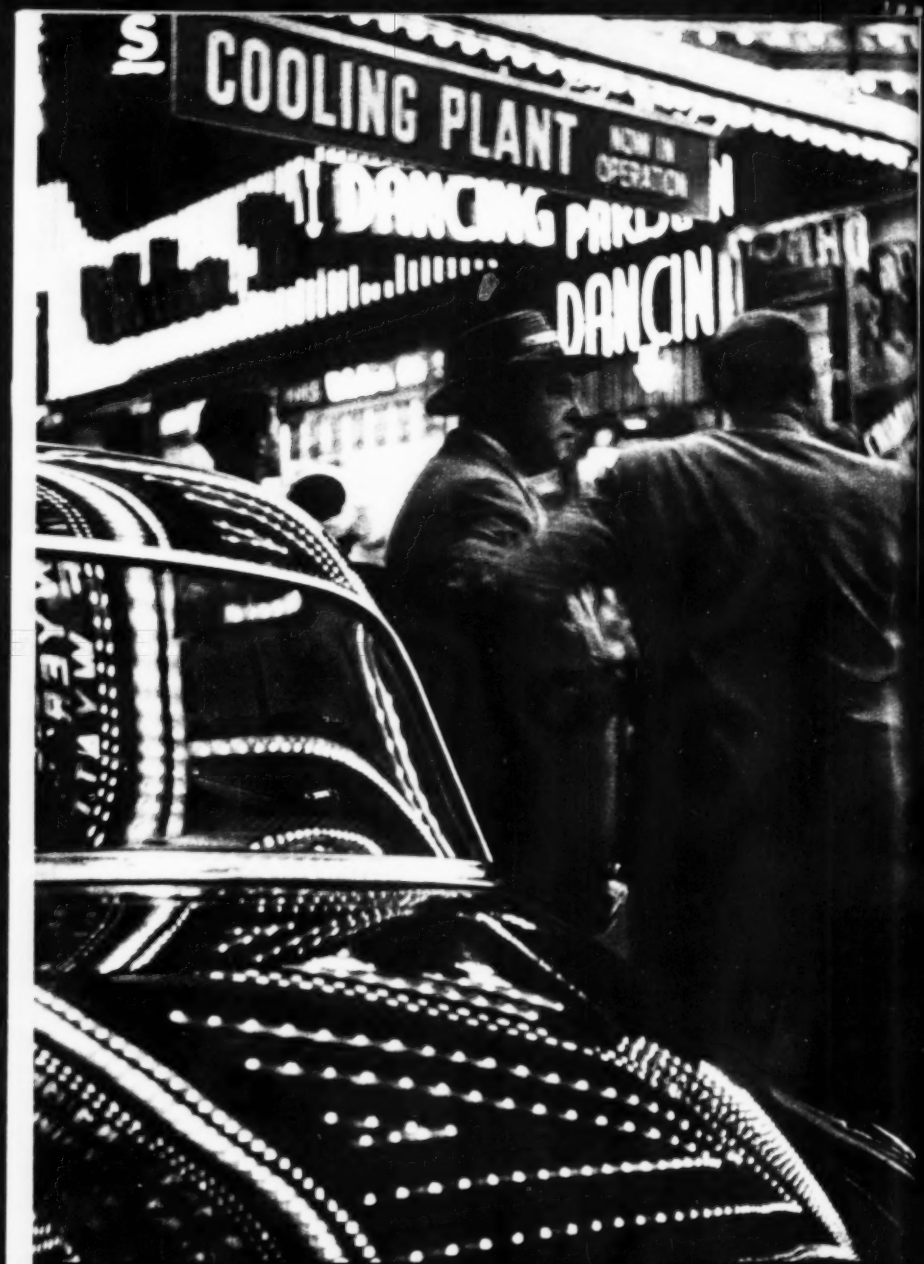




Times Square, U.S.A.

photographs by ROLF TIETGENS

TIMES SQUARE IS A TRIANGULAR MILE of neonized turmoil. To out-of-towners, it is a kaleidoscope of light and crowds. To New Yorkers, it is an alluring doorway to shows and movies and nightclubs. But to any who walk there, it is a wonderland whose fantastic story never ends.



Days, girls in bobby-sox crowd the Paramount: Eddie Fisher's coming out any minute. Nights, men in suede shoes crowd the sidewalk: big deal in the works. But the lights are never out; the scenery never changes.



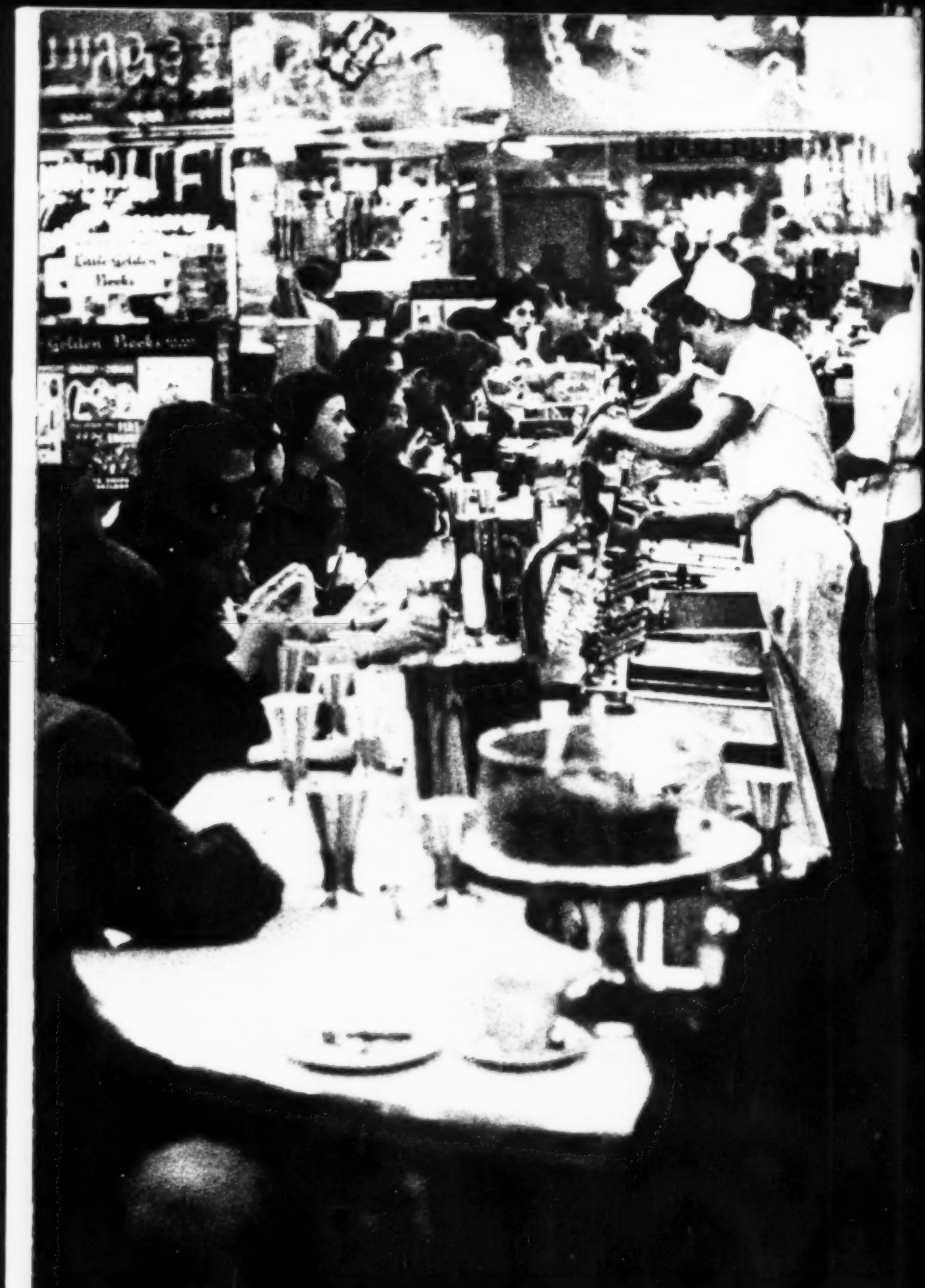
Old-timers remember former elegance: the Claridge and Lillian Russell. It's honky-tonk now, they say: peep-shows, shooting galleries . . . a dime a dance. But the pull is still the same; the act never changes.



The buck—or any fraction thereof—is the magic key. It is sought avidly, treasured briefly and moves quickly from hand to hand: "Get ya' picture drawn, Mister?" . . . your arm tattooed? . . . fortune told?



. . . or go across the street and drop your pennies in the slot. Man or boy, it buys you a seat in the tail of a bomber. You're zooming, blasting away at the foe, a hero for the insignificant sum of just two cents.



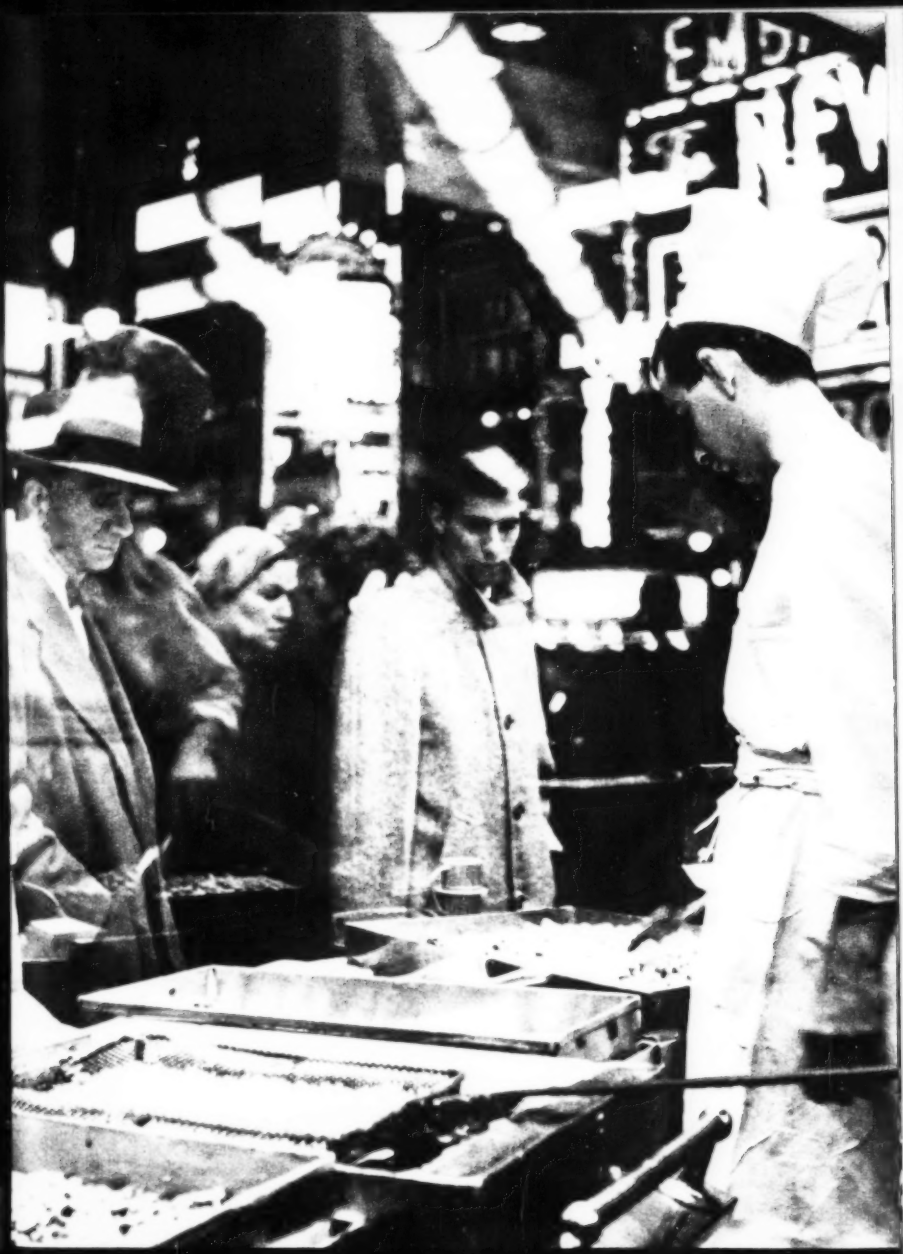
No one "belongs" here. Everyone's a tourist: salesgirls from the West 30's munching their bacon and tomatoes on toast . . . showgirls from the dark canyons west of Broadway, waiting for an agent's call . . .



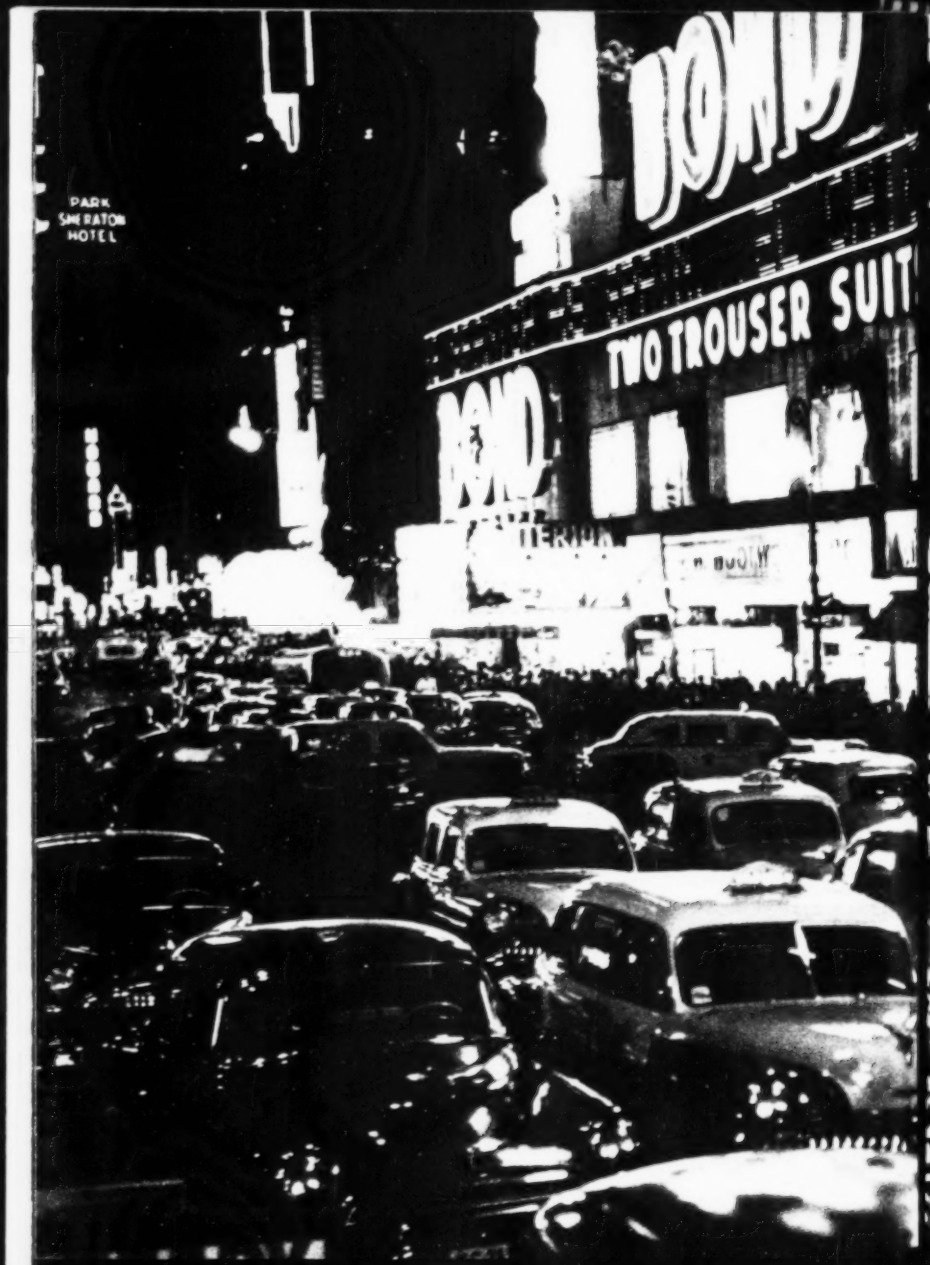
. . . delivery boys . . . businessmen who cross worlds when they walk east across Fifth, tourists all. They listen to the plea of the auctioneer: "A genuine gold watch, folks! Who'll bid three dollars for a watch?"



There are no subtleties on the Square. Its wares and temptations are laid right on the line; its shop windows brim with bargains, and they bear witness that any woman can be made beautiful and bewitching.



Everyone is caught by the miracles, big and little: flying flapjacks; mammoth signs that promise, promise. Then the crowds climb down the dark subway stairs. Times Square is a legend. It belongs to no man.



They say if you stand on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street long enough, everyone you ever knew will pass by. They come to window-shop for dreams. They stand a minute, stunned by the enormity of



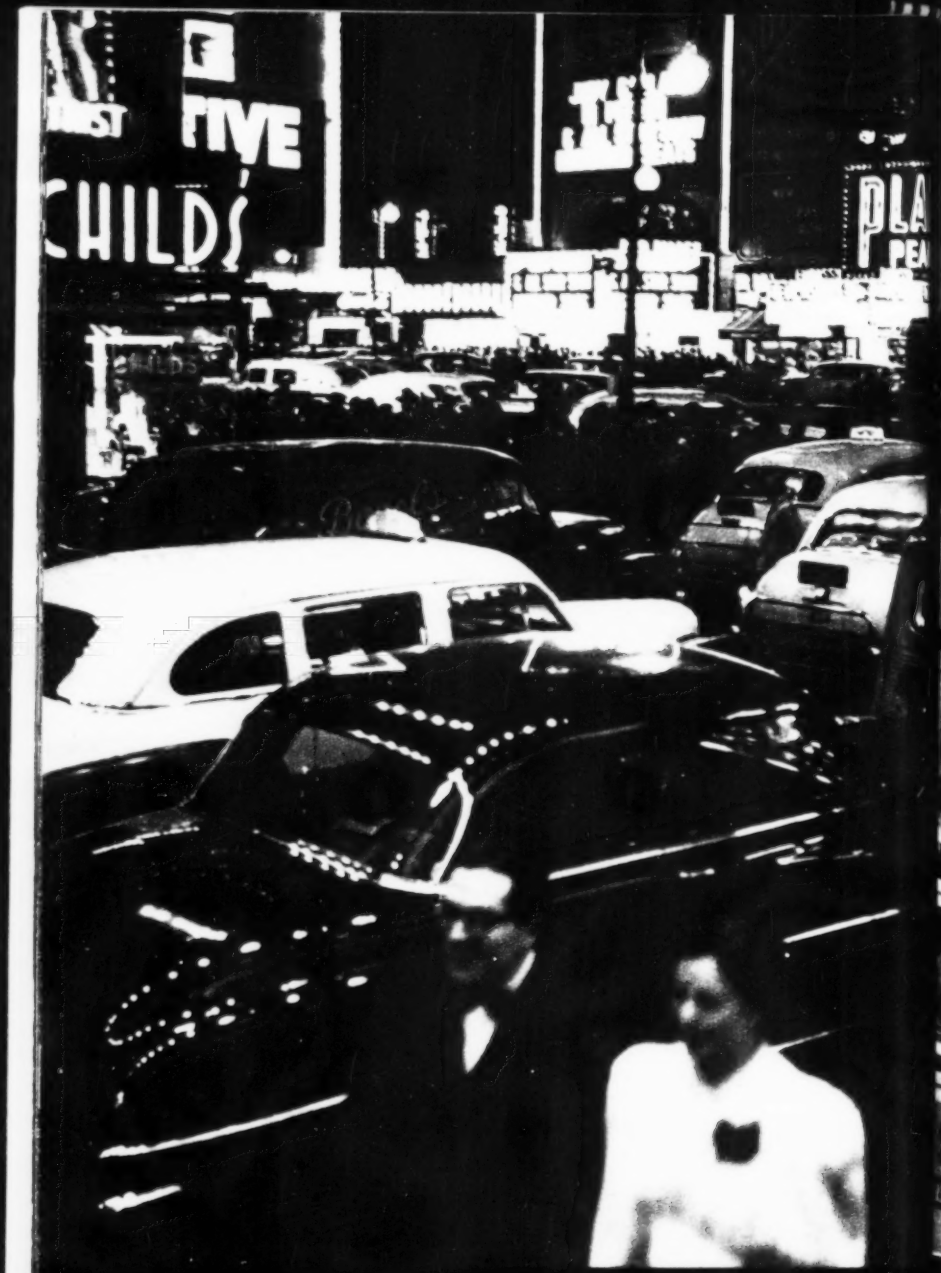
everything. They gape at brawling taxis and the faceless men and women who push and hurry and strain. To where? For what? Then they, too, join the files and hurry off. It doesn't ever matter where.



The waxen lady who peers into your future is never idle long. For a nickel she will reveal that you are bound on a long ocean voyage, that a handsome stranger will enter your life. Is that what you want?



Is there a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? Men seek it everywhere . . . in plush offices high above the ever-promising lights . . . at the bottom of a sidewalk grating, with string and some chewing gum.



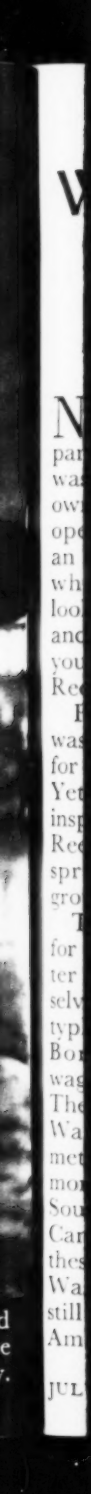
There is no gold, no reality on the Street of Dreams. The shiny cars swish into the night. The enchanted people live out their enchanted hour. Then the clock strikes 12: the golden coach becomes a subway.



One man alone is constant, and he is cast in bronze. Long ago, he was Father Duffy of the Fighting 69th Infantry and he tended the souls of men. Now the pigeons are his only friends. They are real, they alone.



It is the Gay White Way and it is never still, never dark. It calls and we answer. It promises and we believe. And if we can't find what we seek . . . if the answer eludes us . . . well, tomorrow is another day.





What GI's Owe to Walter Reed

by PHIL DESSAUER

The Army Medical Center wages an endless struggle so that our war-wounded may live



NOT LONG AGO a bright young writer, preparing a television script, was carried away by his own dramatic zeal. His opening scene showed an aid station in Korea where a wounded GI looked up at a medic and whispered hopefully: "Doc, do you think they'll send me to Walter Reed?"

Fortunately, this over-eager bit was edited out of the final script, for it was more legend than fact. Yet no one could deny the idea that inspired it—that the fame of Walter Reed Army Medical Center has spread far beyond its beautiful grounds in Washington, D. C.

They have heard of it in Malaya, for example, where a team of Walter Reed doctors exposed themselves to lice to test a cure for scrub typhus. They know the name in Borneo, where another group waged war with insect repellents. They know it in Madagascar, where Walter Reed scientists proved a method of beating the dread pneumonic plague. They know it in South Africa, in Puerto Rico, in Canada, India, Japan—for in all these places Army medics from Washington have fought and are still fighting the diseases that beset American GI's wherever they may be called upon to serve.

They know it, too, in Korea. Two years ago, Maj. Edward Jahnke, a Walter Reed surgeon, flew to Korea to demonstrate a new technique for repairing blood vessels damaged in combat—the kind of wound that caused 20 per cent of all amputations in World War II. Seventy-seven times Jahnke repeated his delicate surgery, and the results amazingly justified his faith—the amputation rate dropped from 49 per cent to less than 9 per cent!

Jahnke is only one of scores of Walter Reed doctors who brought vital know-how to Korea. Trained medics were flying from Washington across the Pacific within 48 hours after the fighting began in June, 1950. One month later, the first American combat casualty returned from Korea had arrived at Walter Reed.

The medical training program at Walter Reed in the late 1940's—when all other major Army hospitals east of the Mississippi were closed as an economy measure—turned out literally to be a lifesaver when Korea erupted. As a result of this kind of training—plus such important factors as improved anesthesia and drugs, better supplies

of whole blood and plasma and faster evacuation of wounded—the Army's World War II death rate among wounded was cut in half.

Wounded soldiers, flown back to the States, looked better and acted livelier than World War II casualties. A civilian doctor from Baltimore pointed out this improvement as he watched a group of high-spirited amputees snake dance on crutches in a Walter Reed ward.

"If this were the last war," he said, "those boys would be in bed."

"If this were the last war," a staff surgeon amended grimly, "many of those boys wouldn't be here at all."

THE SPRAWLING Medical Center is located eight miles north of the White House, near the Maryland line. Spread over a flower-lined, tree-shaded area that combines the beauty of a college campus with the bustle of an Army post, it consists of four institutions: the hospital, the Army Medical Service Graduate School, the Central Dental Laboratory and the Army Prosthetics Research Laboratory.

The entire Center, its 281 buildings covering 322 acres, represents an investment of nearly $100,000,000, and is comparable to a city of 6,000 population. It has its own bank, postoffice, chapel, transportation system, police and fire departments, theater, library, radio station (to broadcast music to special under-pillow receivers in the beds) newspaper and sanitation system.

Since the hospital was established in 1909, it has admitted more than 365,000 patients, and the yearly average is now around 17,000. The official bed capacity is 1,500, but the Korean fighting once raised the figure to 2,300. Patients include ill and wounded soldiers, airmen, and their wives and children; while in addition, key government officials, both American and foreign, may be admitted with the consent of the Army Surgeon General.

Boss of this medical empire is Maj. Gen. Leonard D. Heaton, a 51-year-old West Virginian with an easy smile but a firm determination to make Walter Reed the Army's most efficient Medical Center. An extremely able hospital administrator, Heaton has little love for forms, reports and red tape. His one abiding passion is surgery, and he can be found often in the operating room.

Walter Reed became famous in World War II for its work with amputees, and this tradition has continued. Entire wards are filled with men who have lost limbs. Buildings are joined by ramps, the post bank has a special window for wheelchair customers, the theater features a roll-in entrance, and the street curbs are notched by inclined grooves for crossing by chair.

Since 1945, more than 2,000 amputees have learned to drive in specially-equipped automobiles. About 10 drivers a week now take lessons from William P. Conlon, 32-year-old Navy veteran who is proud that none of his pupils has failed to qualify for a Maryland driver's license. Some have even gone on to jobs as chauffeurs and taxi drivers.

Cpl. Robert L. Smith, the first quadruple-amputee to return from Korea, refused for a long time to take driving lessons, Conlon recalls. "He was afraid of what the other fellows would say if he failed. Finally I talked him into trying one

lesson. After that first day, you should have seen the difference! Every time I'd drive over to pick him up, he'd be waiting eagerly for me at the curb."

Since then, Smith has been released from the hospital and lives in nearby Maryland. For months after his release, this young man who once wouldn't go near a steering wheel would drive up in his own car and proudly take his old buddies for a ride!

The Prosthetics Research Laboratory has perfected a lightweight artificial hand, with a mechanical thumb, index and second finger and a controlled grasp suitable for holding delicate and heavy objects. A plastic glove worn over the mechanism is tinted to match the wearer's skin, so lifelike that it has fingerprints, hair, palm lines, veins and even freckles.

Not far from the prosthetics lab is the Audiology and Speech Correction Clinic. Housed in a former dairy barn, the clinic uses a battery of mechanical, electronic and human aids to test and train patients with hearing or speech deficiencies.

A young paratroop lieutenant has been one of the clinic's toughest cases. Hit in Korea, he suffered a brain injury and lost his power of speech. Patiently his instructor worked at his bedside, trying to coax from his damaged senses the sound of a single word.

One day, with a picture of his infant son before him, she pressed his lips together and repeated over and over the child's name, Bobby. The lieutenant's face tightened as he fought to call up the sound he wanted to utter. His lips trembled as the will to speak finally forced it out: "Bob . . . Bob . . . bee!"

It was faint, but it was speech. The patient's tired eyes fired up with pride and hope, and the word tumbled out of him joyously, "Bobbybobbybobby . . ." For days it was the only word he could say, but later he moved on to "Mary," his wife's name. Today he is making good progress—a lesson in courage and faith for everyone in the clinic.

In a room called the Barn Theater—built out of a silo—the hearing patients learn lip-reading by watching each other perform skits and plays on a glassed-in stage that permits no sound to reach the audience. Several of the clinic's "graduates" have learned well enough to return to their military jobs.

RANK DOESN'T mean much when a patient dons hospital pajamas, but one section of Walter Reed is made to order for big shots. That is Ward 8, transformed into a Presidential Suite and VIP ward in 1947 at a cost of $148,000.

When ex-President Truman went to Walter Reed for a checkup in 1952, he occupied the four-room air-conditioned suite with private dining room and kitchen. The only other person who has used the suite is Premier Mossadegh of Iran, who moved in during his oil-talk visit to Washington in 1951. He and ex-



President Truman, like all other patients except enlisted men, paid for their stay at Walter Reed.

Both the VIP's and GI's owe a debt to a man most of them never heard of—Maj. William C. Borden, whose tireless fight led to the founding of Walter Reed. After the Spanish-American War, Borden was commanding officer and chief surgeon of the general hospital in Washington. Dissatisfied with cramped facilities, he consulted architects, prepared estimates and sketched plans for a larger hospital. For four years he battled virtually alone against ridicule and apathy in Congress.

"Borden's Dream" moved toward reality when a 44-acre tract in northwest Washington was bought in 1905 and a hospital built on it, named for Maj. Water Reed, hero of the Army's conquest of yellow fever. The hospital opened on May 1, 1909, with ten patients.

Borden had great foresight, but even he would be amazed at the Walter Reed of today, with such developments as the artificial kidney, which allows a patient's entire blood supply to be withdrawn, purified and returned to his body; the Hypo-Spray, which shoots vaccine into the arm by compressed air and may some day replace the hypodermic syringe; lightweight casts only one-fourth as heavy as formerly; an experimental method of preserving whole blood by freezing, and many other techniques and devices tested, adapted or originated at the Center.

Military medicine is based on the idea of treating many cases in a short period of time, as contrasted with the single-patient relationship of most civilian doctors. Yet the men at Walter Reed say that almost everything they do has an application in non-military life. "We like to feel," says General Heaton, "that in the event of a major emergency in the United States, the things we have learned here and the men we have trained could save thousands of civilian lives."



Bovine Engineer

AT THE UPPER END of Manhattan Island, on the heights overlooking the Hudson River, millionaire C. K. G. Billings built a palatial mansion. While the huge edifice was going up, he addressed himself to the problem of constructing a roadway up the steep and rocky hill to the house, and consulted a friend as to how the task might best be accomplished.

"If you are in a hurry," the friend replied, "get a cow to help you."

"A cow?" Billings rejoined.

"Yes," the friend explained. "Give her a stall on the top of the hill, then take her down to the bottom every day—and let her find her way back. Trust her to lay out a path on the easiest and most comfortable grade."

Billings adopted the idea, and at length the cow's meandering way was perpetuated in a smooth, winding asphalt highway. —*Wall Street Journal*

by JOHN LAURENCE

Does CHASTITY Make Sense?

Modern reason supplies the answer to the single woman's oldest problem

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A GIRL, it was only in communities like Greenwich Village that it was fashionable to treat virginity as a joke and virtue as dull. But times have changed. Now there are psychiatrists who will gravely warn a woman that the price she might have to pay for chastity is a neurotic complex. That, they are sure, is too high a price to pay for a prejudice based on such scientifically unsound arguments as those advanced by religion.

How sound is this psychiatric advice? Is the moral fastidiousness of the woman who clings, however sadly, to her virginity the result of ignorant superstition, or is it something that is prompted by plain good sense? Does a woman reap happiness from wild oats, or does she, because of them, find herself lost in an even more tangled wilderness of frustrations?

Sex, whether the existence of an Intelligence behind the pattern of nature be admitted or denied, is patently designed for procreation. Its significance is primarily biological and only secondarily psychological. Sexual intercourse may express and foster love between rational creatures, but love is not its essential preoccupation.

Primitive man, less sentimental than we are, was very matter of fact in his approach to sex. From his wife, or wives, he expected children. His womenfolk appreciated this and were consequently in terror of sterility. Were they so very wrong? Is it not putting the cart before the horse to regard the child almost as an accident of sexual intercourse?

Philosophically, then, it would seem to be unsound to tie sex too securely to the romantic hunger of any individual and to allow him to forget its primary purpose in order to sate his desire. However, the aesthetic objections to sex cut adrift from the primary purpose of marriage are every bit as serious as the philosophical.

The untrammeled enjoyment of sex, unless tampered with, sooner or later will create social obligations

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by saddling lovers with a child. If they wish to shirk these obligations and avoid the embarrassment of an unwanted child, they will be forced to introduce the chill of the clinic into the passion of the boudoir.

All this moralizing bears directly on today's single woman and her problems. Because contraception has given a new twist to morality, and because love is friendship without sexual inhibitions, she dare not shut her eyes to what might complicate her emotional life.

She is hungry for a man's affection. Though she might never find a husband, she will certainly be able to have men friends in plenty. Even in a friendship initiated for the purest of motives and sustained by the highest ideals, there will be times when she will grow weary with its lofty nobility. Physical intimacy might then appeal to her strongly for intellectual reasons. It has a strange power to help a woman force her way into a man's elusive mind and hidden heart.

She wants the complete love of one man—preferably a man who will marry her. But, if a man interests her and she interests him, and nature prompts them to follow a course which conventional people dub immoral, she might be strongly tempted to say, if she is not inhibited by religious scruples: "To hell with morality!" She will argue that what happens between her and a man, provided they are careful to avoid having a child, is entirely their own business.

Such an attitude, up to a point, is reasonable. If a woman does not accept the moral code of the conventionally-minded, why should she be hampered by their scruples? Why should she deny herself what is one of the most satisfying of all human pleasures? Would it not be cowardice to remain chaste for no other reason than that others would be shocked if she did not?

The trouble with a stand like that is that it is reasonable, accepting the premises of materialism, only while it remains in the blueprint stage. Exposed to practice it tends to crumble.

Take just this one small angle. Is any woman so completely an individualist that she could ignore day in and day out the whispers, the frowns, the raised eyebrows and the contempt of society for the woman, who, failing to marry, is satisfied with compromise? No matter how adroit she is in covering her tracks, some *dear friend* will make it her business to ferret out just what she is up to. And what protection will her pride have against the mischievous contempt of women who whisper that men are ashamed to love her publicly and proudly?

IF SHE CANNOT BE a wife and will not be a virgin, there are very few alternatives open to her, all of them depressingly similar. She may become one man's mistress; she may drift from one man to another in the hope that one of her affairs will become permanent; or she may divorce love from sex completely and pick her lovers for much the same reason that she selects her hats. But will she find any of these evasions of virginity very satisfying?

Even if it were possible for a man to enjoy profligacy, nature has handicapped a woman for such a role. It is only in the modern novel that an established mistress is some-

times a happy woman. In real life she is a very worried woman and, unless all her innate decency is dead, a humiliated woman.

If her association with a man is on a disguised *quid pro quo* basis, a woman will not, no matter how much she rationalizes, be able to get away from the realization that she is a prostitute. Jewels and furs may veneer her humiliation with a scab, but underneath a smarting wound will continue to fester.

Even at its best, her love will be on tenterhooks, for a mistress knows that a man will pay for what he gets only as long as he thinks it worth paying for. A prophetic wrinkle, a suggestion of flabbiness, and her lover will go in search of younger flesh.

This will probably disgust the woman who is tired of virginity. She was not contemplating anything like that. If she surrenders to a man it will be for love, not for what she can get out of it.

Love? What kind of love? Love that comes creeping to her after dark, ashamed of the light? Love that is calculating, that demands that she do all the real giving while it buys off its obligations with a few expensive gifts? Love that takes to its heels as soon as the gossip begins to grow too loud?

How long would a woman be able to hold so frightened a lover? What security has she? Perhaps a woman will try to persuade herself that she can forge a bond with a man that would be primarily intellectual, in which the physical element in her friendship would be something merely tolerated because it happened in spite of her.

Why is it, then, that in practically every association of this kind, there is such a monotonously physical conclusion to nearly every assignation? And if the bond were unashamedly emotional, how long could it last? Even marriage, which surrounds the declarations of love with a binding legal contract, finds fidelity a difficult burden.

If a woman did have an affair with a man who said that he could not marry her because of his wife, how would she cope with that other woman, the woman he claims does not understand him?

The woman who says that she enjoys sexual experience physically and is not bothered that her lovers feel themselves under no obligation to her is either a liar or a neurotic. It is difficult to see how she could be happy.

It would seem, then, on purely rational grounds, that there is something to be said for knuckling down to real honest-to-goodness celibacy. Virginity undoubtedly breeds frustrations, but they are trifling compared with the frustrations and complications of the furtive affair.

When such an uneasy love comes to its drab, inevitable conclusion, the subsequent sexual frustration will be immeasurably worse, the

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—THE EDITORS

humiliation of being rejected by a man who once said he loved her will be all the more acute, and the general sense of failure as a woman even more paralyzing.

There are some things which today's single woman should know about frustration because, sooner or later, she will overhear this whispered criticism of her: "Frustrated Female!" It will probably upset her, because it will be said either in contempt or in pity, for it has become fashionable to regard frustration almost as a shameful thing which no intelligent, self-respecting person should tolerate.

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Worried about your future? Use this quiz to win promotion and more pay. In August Coronet.

What is frustration, and what should be done about it? Is it something that the well-bred woman should hide from her friends and reveal only to a psychiatrist? Or is it something that intelligent people recognize as an inevitable part of every human life?

The simplest of the single woman's probable frustrations, and the most obvious, is her unsatisfied curiosity about sex. Because she is a normal human being she is filled with a healthy curiosity about most things. Sex interests her, even when she modestly pretends that it does not. And why shouldn't it?

Perhaps she feels that she cannot really know sex from reading even the most careful treatise about it. Yet how is she to learn its secrets? From a man's love? She is not a wife, and she does not want to be a wanton. She might even resent the fact that she has not the average woman's opportunity to satisfy her curiosity in the conventional way.

What is she to do about this curiosity? The progressives will be impatient with her: they will tell her to do the obvious, to go ahead and satisfy it in the only practical way—experimentally. They will tell her that if she relaxed her control just once and found out for herself, directly, what it was all about, then she would be able to settle down gracefully to celibacy.

That advice is mischievous. It is also immoral. I do not stress its immorality, because I realize that my conception of right and wrong is not universally accepted. It is mischievous because it is misleading. It is *not* true that a solitary hit-and-run acquaintance with sexual experience will allay a woman's curiosity.

I have come across too many cases in which it has had quite the opposite effect. It is a strange fact that, though men are by nature more easily roused sexually than women, the woman who connives at her own seduction often becomes more demanding sexually than the incurable roué.

The woman teased by this very natural curiosity must learn to grin and bear it. She should make efforts to distract herself when she finds her thoughts dwelling dangerously long on the subject.

She should try to convince herself, intellectually, that life need not cease to have any meaning for her simply because physical sex is apparently not to be a part of it. Intellectually convinced, there is

always the hope that her emotions will trail along behind her reason.

If she looks about her she will be able to discover many people who are living useful, productive, full lives because of, rather than in spite of, their celibacy. Careful observation will also reveal that there are married women who complain of sexual frustration and loose-living single girls who are debauched, not liberated, by their defiance of something which is more than a mere convention.

There will be times when the unmarried woman will be oppressed with the sense of her apparent superfluity to men and their children, times when she will feel that she is necessary to nobody. But no woman should let herself be browbeaten by this frustration, for there are more ways of being necessary to people than as a mother or a wife.

There are, for instance, numerous societies growing out of modern life in which any woman who wants to be useful to people can find a place for herself. But should a woman have little feeling for organized helpfulness, there is no law which forbids her to mingle with people who are naturally friendly.

Friendship is a rich, rich vein which the single girl can mine far more successfully than many a wife. There are lonely women who are inhibited by marriage from enjoying the friendships that are well within the reach of the woman who is not forced by pride to keep up the pretense that she is living happily with a loved man.

Though it might be through no fault of hers that married love has eluded her, no honest woman could hold herself blameless if friendship also sidestepped her. No matter what the circumstances of a woman's life are, she will have to find something other than celibacy to reproach for her friendlessness.

FINALLY, there is the tantalizing frustration that will worry a woman only if she is a perfectionist and a natural philosopher. It is the worrying fear that life is a jigsaw puzzle that she will never be able to put together, because she has only half the pieces.

She knows that the obvious differences between a man and a woman, the differences that can be appreciated with an eye and an ear, are the less significant differences. A man uses the same words that she uses, but he speaks what is almost a different language. His thought processes are not quite the same as hers, because where she hastens to her decisions and conclusions almost intuitively, he plods to his with laborious logic. And his emotional reactions to life are not the same as hers.

A woman is attracted to a man physically. He satisfies her physically, justifying the instinctive desire she has for his embrace. But the forces that drive her into a man's arms are not all physical. There is a strong psychological and intellectual attraction. A woman feels with some justification that a man's love will give her a maturity she could never hope to find in even the most intimate association with her women friends.

Married life demands a union so close that no change of mood, no slightest shift of emotion, can hope to pass unnoticed. The very violence of the intimate embrace of

physical love is such that it can crack open the defenses with which human minds protect their innermost secrets. Sadness and joy shared bring a man and a woman closer spiritually. If their marriage is what marriage should be, they will after a while begin to see life in a way that is neither completely masculine nor yet exclusively feminine, but in a way that, because it is freed from the one-sided prejudices of either sex, is more truly human.

There can be no denying that the apparent foundation for the intimate understanding that a married woman has of her husband is sexual. So, if the single woman is wise, she will not underestimate the important part that physical love plays in completing a woman's personality. But neither should she exaggerate its importance.

It is as a rational being that a woman must mature, not merely as an animal. Physical love is a help. It is a help because it accelerates the maturing of personality. It accelerates it, but it does not of itself effect this maturing. This should be obvious from the great number of married women who, in spite of the sufficiency of their sexual life, fail to reach this maturity.

Through intelligent friendships with men, the single woman can arrive at a fuller, richer, more mature appreciation of what it is to be a woman than do those women who seem incapable of knowing a man except carnally.

There will be dangers, of course —dangers that a wife might never experience. They are worth facing. Even should she have to pay for it with tears and heartbreak, maturity as a human being is cheap—not at any price, but almost at any price.

What Is Failure?



BECAUSE A FELLOW has failed once or twice, or a dozen times, you don't want to set him down as a failure till he's dead or loses his courage—and that's the same thing.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

SUCCESS IS NEVER FINAL and failure never fatal. It's courage that counts.

—GEORGE F. TILTON

FAILURES ARE DIVIDED into two classes—those who thought and never did, and those who did and never thought.

—JOHN CHARLES SALAK

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MIRACLE FOR MALKA



by KATE SMITH

"New York is a cold town. Nobody gives a hoot for his neighbor," out-of-towners complain. But it just isn't true. People who live there know better. And to prove it, they like to tell about the miracle in Brooklyn.

It began shortly after the New Year, 1954, when the *Daily Mirror* printed this human-interest story:

"Over in Brooklyn, in a dimly-lit basement furnished room, a girl sits and looks longingly out the window. She's 14, with long flowing hair and a game smile which struggles to belie the sadness mirrored in her soft brown eyes. . . ."

The girl's name was Malka Goldberg, the story went on, and she and her father, a rabbi, had come halfway across the world—from Jerusalem—so that Malka could walk again. For the girl had been crippled by polio when only a year old. Her twin sister had died from it.

Surgery, doctors advised, would restore her twisted body—and save her life. But it would take three very delicate and intricate operations, and long months of recuperation in a hospital. With five other children to provide for, Malka's father couldn't afford it.

But American friends heard about Malka and raised $3,000 to bring her and her father to this country and to pay for the operations needed.

Here, however, complications arose. The specialist originally scheduled to perform the surgery was not available; another had to be found. As the weeks slipped past, their funds dwindled until, with only $400 left, they faced the prospect of returning to Jerusalem, their mission unfulfilled.

It was then that "Malka's Miracle" happened.

Soon after the story hit the newsstands, the *Mirror* switchboard was bombarded with telephone calls. Next day, letters and telegrams began to arrive at the newspaper and at Malka's Brooklyn address.

Nearly $11,000—much of it in amounts of $1 and $2—poured in. Surgeons volunteered their services; hospitals their facilities.

And so it looks as if Malka will soon see the day when she can cast off the heavy 16-pound braces she has worn most of her life and be like other girls. It will take time, she knows, but Malka's faith is shining. She has seen one miracle already.

To scoffers who talk about New York's cold heart let it be pointed out that *nowhere* in the *Mirror's* story about Malka's plight did writers John Feeney and Fred Zepp make a single plea for help!

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

GRIN and

A STORE OWNER IN A CERTAIN CITY complained to officials that a clogged storm sewer was creating a small lake in front of his building. For nearly two weeks he called about the situation, to no avail.

Finally, in desperation, the merchant was seen placing a big sign on a stand in the center of the water. In less than two hours city workers were on the job clearing the troublesome sewer.

The sign read: "No Fishing!"

—PERRY E. WHITE

AS THE TRAIN ROLLED smoothly out of the little railway station at Callender, Ontario, a passenger looked out of the window, then turned to his companion and asked: "Say, isn't this the town where the Dionne family lives?"

"Yes," replied the other passenger, "it is."

"I wonder whatever happened to Mr. Dionne?" mused the first man.

"I suppose he's still living here with his wife and family," replied the other. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious. He never had any more quintuplets, did he?"

"Of course he didn't . . ."

"I thought so," crowed the first passenger, "I knew he couldn't do it again!" —*Texas & Pacific Topics*

THE YOUNG COUPLE were spending the evening in the quiet of their own home. The lights were low, the fireplace a mass of glowing coals, and soft strains of "Auld Lang Syne" came from the radio. The wife was in a mellow mood and lost in romantic thought when the head of the house broke the spell with: "Wonder why a windshield rubbed with a raw potato doesn't freeze?" —*American Eagle*

A SECRETARY LISTENED INTENTLY as a co-worker described her newest boy friend.

"He's tall, with dark curly hair and has the sweetest smile," the smitten girl sighed. "His name is Harold and just before he kisses me, he always says, 'I'm about to kiss the sweetest lips in the world.' "

"Oh," murmured the other secretary, "*that* Harold."

—General Features Corp.

IT WAS FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S good fortune that his mother, whom he adored and who worshiped him, lived even into his third term in the Presidency, and in full possession of her faculties.

Among her friends and childhood contemporaries was a Mrs. Post, who had spent most of her adult life in France until she was forced out during the German invasion. Back in New York, she and Mrs. Roosevelt met at a tea. Both ladies were in their mid-eighties.

After a round of questions and reminiscences there was a pause in the conversation. Then Mrs. Post said to Mrs. Roosevelt: "By the way, Sally—when I last saw you in Paris about 25 or 30 years ago, you had your very charming young son

SHARE IT

with you. What's ever become of him?"

Mrs. Roosevelt replied a little tartly that he had been President of the United States for the last eight years.

Mrs. Post, not to be rebuffed, remarked: "But, after all, Sally, I'm sure you don't know who the President of France is, do you?" To which the honest old lady ruefully admitted that she did not.

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PUBLISHER ARTHUR THORNHILL was properly squelched in a Boston restaurant the other day.

"May I call your attention, Miss," he complained impatiently to a waitress who was doing an excellent job of ignoring his presence, "that I have only an hour for lunch."

She replied coldly, "I do not care to discuss labor troubles with you at a time like this." —BENNETT CERF

THE LATE HARRISON WILLIAMS made fabulous millions in his utilities ventures. When the market crashed in 1929, there was a rumor that Williams had lost $100,000,000. A friend saw him that week and could detect no signs of anxiety. "You look okay for a man who's just lost $100,000,000," said the friend.

"My dear fellow," Williams shrugged. "It's the *last* hundred million that counts."

THE PRESIDENT OF A BANK called in one of his vice presidents. "I want a frank answer," he said. "Tell me—have you ever made love to my beautiful secretary?"

"Never. Never," the vice president assured him. "I swear I've never even kissed her."

"Okay," the president replied. "Then you fire her." —LEONARD LYONS

KIT CARSON, THE FAMOUS Frontiersman, was a sharp man with a retort. When an admirer once asked him if he had ever been lost during any of his wanderings through the early West, Carson replied: "Well, I've never been lost, but once I was bewildered for three days." —BILL WILLIAMS

IN A RADIO INTERVIEW on his first day as a Yankee, Yogi Berra, the great catcher, was asked how he enjoyed getting two hits. Yogi quickly corrected the interviewer and said it was three hits.

The radio man apologized and said he'd read two hits in the box score in the sports section of his newspaper just before the broadcast. However, the omission of the third hit must have been a typographical error, he added.

"Hell no, it was a clean single to left," replied Yogi. —KERMIT SCHAFER *Your Slip Is Showing* (Grayson Publishing Corp.)

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Their gentle comedy on radio and TV has brought wealth and fame to . . .

Ozzie, Harriet & Family

by HERB DALMAS

HARRIET HILLIARD was probably the most reluctant candidate for fame in the history of motion pictures. When she found she was to have featured billing right after Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, she seized the telephone and called her husband in New York. In a panic, she told him she just wasn't up to playing on a level with Astaire and Rogers—and so on.

Some $108 later, she hung up, having been convinced that she should go through with it. The time was 1935, and the picture was RKO's "Follow The Fleet," one of the most successful of the Astaire-Rogers musicals.

Miss Hilliard was, in the unguarded language of the moviemakers, sensational. Several thousand American males between the ages of 25 and 30 didn't recover for weeks.

They were eventually disillusioned upon finding that Miss Hilliard was already married. In their opinion, she had practically thrown herself away on a dance-band leader named Ozzie Nelson, who, from his publicity pictures, looked the callow pretty-boy type. The fact that Mr. Nelson, 29 at the time and a law school graduate, had been a three-year varsity quarterback and 150-pound boxing champion at Rutgers University, as well as a member of the swimming and lacrosse teams, would hardly come to their attention.

After "Follow The Fleet," Miss Hilliard returned to New York immediately.

"I am going home," she told the astonished Ginger Rogers, "and have a baby. I didn't want to be in movies in the first place. All I want is Ozzie—and a family."

Here we dissolve, as they say in the movies, to 1954. Mrs. Ozzie Nelson has her family—the same husband she started out with and two sons. They are in their tenth year as a radio program and their second on TV under the title "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

The family does 40 half-hour shows a year in each medium. They maintain a steady better-than-average rating throughout the country, except in the Midwest where they compete for the tops.

The strength of the Nelson family as an entertainment force lies in the natural way they present realistic material. Harriet really likes to cook and keep house—though she has to spend so much time merely pretending to do these things in front of the cameras that she seldom gets to the real thing.

Ozzie bought a beach house a year ago because he loves to swim in the ocean and lie in the sun, but

he works a regular minimum of 16 hours a day, and he has seen the house less than a dozen times since he bought it.

David and Ricky, aged 17 and 14, draw salaries slightly larger than the one we pay the President of the United States. Nevertheless, individually and as a family, the Nelsons exemplify the homely virtues of industry, temperance and thrift. That they are happy may be deduced from the fact that, although they spend approximately 50 per cent of their time together in the line of business, they also seek each other's company during a great deal of the remaining 50 per cent.

The Nelsons work together three days a week on movies for television and one day on radio. They live well but not over-luxuriously in the white clapboard house that appears at the beginning of the TV show every week. The boys' salaries go straight into trust funds that will be worth a quarter of a million dollars to each of them when they are 25.

Hard-driving Yankee shrewdness seems to be a characteristic both Ozzie and Harriet Nelson were born with. In the '30's, at the bottom of the Depression, the men in Nelson's band were making $150 a week when musicians in better-known organizations were finding it hard to make $80.

This wasn't accidental. "Ozzie," a former member of the band said recently, "always figured that if people went out some place to dance, they wanted to dance. We gave them rhythms they could dance to and they kept coming back for more."

The professional career of Oswald George Nelson began during his last year at Rutgers, when the death of his father left him with no money to finish his education. He earned the rest of the way with a pick-up band that continued to play evenings after he had graduated and started law school. To augment his income, he coached the football team at Lincoln High School in Jersey City.

His classmates at Rutgers claim the credit for switching him from law to music. In 1930, The New York *Daily Mirror* ran a popularity



contest for dance bands not yet in the big "name" class, with an engagement at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle as first prize. Rutgers alumni of the period say they mobilized and voted 20 or 30 times apiece for their favorite son, so that the issue was never in doubt.

Harriet Hilliard started gainful employment well before college age. She was six weeks old when she was carried onstage in a stock company performance of something called "The Heir To The Hoorah" in Topeka, Kansas.

School interrupted her professional progress from her fifth to her sixteenth year, by which time her father and mother had separated. After that, her mother, who earned her own living as an actress, became in effect her manager.

Harriet Hilliard joined the Nelson band in 1932—an experiment on both sides since a girl singer traveling with a band was an innovation then. No one recalls when the association stopped being an experiment and started to be a romance, but a clue may be found in something that happened in Indianapolis one night early in 1933.

Ozzie and Harriet had something to eat together, after which, gazing into each other's eyes, they walked out of the restaurant, leaving the band's take—$7,000 in cash—in a satchel under the table. This story has two happy endings: they were married in 1935, and when they remembered the money and stampeded back to the restaurant, the satchel had not been touched.

They were not yet married, though, when the band went out to play in Los Angeles in September of '35. It was here that an RKO talent scout saw Miss Hilliard and asked her to drop in at the studio and talk over a contract. Ozzie offered to go along with her.

Apparently, like others who have had business conferences with Ozzie Nelson, the RKO executives ended up by doing the listening. Miss Hilliard walked out with a five-year contract starting at $1,250 a week.

The band's engagement was over by this time; they went back to New York, and Ozzie and Harriet were married. Three days later came the summons to Hollywood.

After "Follow The Fleet," Harriet had her baby; and every day during the next movie she made, Ozzie sent her at least six new pictures of David.

"It was wonderful," she says now, "because in a way I didn't miss a minute of David growing up during that time, but it made me realize more than ever what I wanted most. And it wasn't a career in pictures."

But her contract ran three years before RKO had a change in regime and she was able to talk a sympathetic executive into using his influence to cancel it. After that, the Nelsons appeared on several radio shows. But Ozzie, who has never been happy working for somebody else, had been thinking for some time about a show of his own. Finally he wrote a script around the Nelson family, auditioned it, and two days later International Silver signed to sponsor it.

The first show went on the air October 8, 1944—their ninth wedding anniversary, a fact they kept to themselves.

The effortless authenticity of

"The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," alternately sponsored by Antizyme toothpaste and Hotpoint, Inc., has made it easy for audiences to believe that the stories are reproductions of actual family incidents. So far, nothing has happened in the household that is quite as well-constructed as the ABC network radio and TV shows, but the elements of every show are taken from real life. For example, a typical episode opens with Harriet wanting to do some redecorating around the house. In real life, Harriet actually does have an almost professional flair for interior decorating.

In the show, Ozzie opposes this as needless expense. He advances the theory that family team-work will solve the problem—he will do the painting and Harriet can dye the curtains instead of buying new ones.

In real life, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have never been known to disagree on the spending of money, so this part can't be said to be true. But it is the basis of the kind of domestic comedy that makes the show the hardy entertainment staple that it is.

In the course of the decorating story, there are the usual interludes with Thorny, Ozzie's nextdoor neighbor. They are both going to compete in a club golf tournament and freely offer each other advice about improving their games. Thorny is particularly annoying about Ozzie's not keeping his left arm straight.

Ozzie paints his den, and while Harriet is out of the house he and Thorny undertake to rectify what they assume to be an error in her dyeing technique. The results of this—and of the painting—are disastrous. This is true to life. Ozzie is a notoriously unhandy man around the house.

While painting the den (we're back in the show again), Ozzie has gotten his left arm so stiff he can't bend it. This improves his golf game to a point where he wins the tournament.

Harriet Nelson has been known to refer to her function in the family TV program as that of straight man. She has her share of laughs, but in all the situations she is the leveling influence, the relentlessly wise wife and mother.

Actually, she is an extremely competent person, but she doesn't look it—her beauty has always had a fragile, little girl quality that makes men feel protective. Her slight figure is one factor in this quality, but probably the most potent is her blue eyes, which, incidentally, have been startlingly duplicated in her son Ricky.

Eric Hilliard (Ricky) Nelson, who has said he will leave his head to the Fuller Brush Company when he dies—a gesture only viewers of the TV program can appreciate—is probably more completely himself on the shows than any other member of the family. Asked recently to name his favorite pastime, he replied, "Not working." In pursuit of this, he is in a state of almost constant motion. He is likely to arrive



for work on his bicycle on which he will describe intricate and graceful curves through the clutter of expensive equipment. Within two minutes he will be deep in a discussion with one of the crew, but this will demand only part of his attention. Part of the rest he will devote to passing a football back and forth—perhaps with Don DeFore who plays Thorny.

David is naturally quiet and feels about fame as his mother did after "Follow The Fleet"—he is afraid it will get in his way. Once, when the 1941 hot rod that was his pride cooled off on a busy Hollywood street, he slipped into a store, telephoned his mother and asked her to tow him home rather than call a wrecker with the certainty that his name would be recognized even if his face wasn't.

The Ozzie Nelson on the family program is only a small part of the Ozzie Nelson in real life. The air of somewhat rumpled concern he presents to an audience is habitual offstage. His present 170 pounds are as evenly distributed over his five-foot-ten frame as they were in college. His hair has an occasional thread of gray, which he doesn't try to hide.

He is in complete charge of every phase of every show. He has a staff of writers who work with him in preparing scripts, but by the time they go out over the air, they have become predominantly his. He has producer and director credit on the shows and earns them.

Until shooting on the TV film series started in 1952, he had little experience with movie-making. But he began by hiring Bill Mellor, the Academy Award-winning cameraman of "A Place In The Sun" and telling him to pick the best crew he could find.

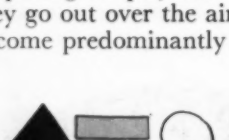
This all explains the technical excellence of the films, but it doesn't account for their appeal to thirty million people a week. Humor, realism, good taste—they are all ingredients of the Nelsons' popularity, but other shows have those, too. One ingredient that is rare if not unique, however, is a certain quality of gentleness.

In Ozzie's bickering with Thorny, in the intra-family squabbles that sometimes come up, no one is ever unkind to anyone else. Perhaps even that isn't unique, but Nelson refuses to risk being unkind to anybody in the audience—and perhaps that is.

Once, when he was on radio with a well-known comic, Ozzie was given a joke that involved making fun of a physical oddity often seen in adolescents. He turned the joke down flat.

"While there's a chance of one little girl hearing me say that," he told the comic, "then going upstairs to cry herself to sleep, I won't say it."

He still won't.



Mathematical Whistlestops

Ratio, Ark. Octagon, Ala. Curve, Tenn.
Diagonal, Iowa Circle, Mont. Triangle, Idaho
Pyramid, Nev. Oblong, Ill.

—DALE ALLEN

A new vaccine has opened the way to wiping out this dread disease in dogs

Goodbye to RABIES

by DANIEL P. LEE

ISRAELI HEALTH OFFICIALS faced a major problem a few years ago, when the dread disease of rabies overran their new nation. Within two years, some 4,000 people who had been exposed to infection had to endure the tedious Pasteur treatment—14 to 21 daily injections. But, rugged as it is, the treatment offers no protection once the germs have completed the incubation period. Dog-bite victims who failed to receive it in time suffered agonizing death.

To control the outbreak, the Israeli government called in members of the World Health Organization. They responded with a newly developed vaccine—one that had never before been tested on a large scale.

Since almost all rabies cases are caused by rabid dogs, they rounded up and registered the entire canine population. To each animal they gave a shot of the new vaccine. The results were surprising! Within a year, the number of animals who contracted the disease dropped to a fraction of the former total. Not a single human death occurred.

The new vaccine works on the same simple principle as the inoculations which protect children from such once-common plagues as small-pox and diphtheria. Because it safely immunizes dogs before the disease attacks, it promises virtually to wipe out the scourge of rabies in dog and man.

It had its start when a little girl named Flury died of rabies near Macon, Georgia, in 1939. After her death, her parents allowed scientists at Rockefeller Foundation to use her brain for research.

Dr. Harald N. Johnson took a tiny bit of the germ-laden tissue and injected it into the brain of a day-old chick. When that chick died, he repeated the process with others, methodically passing on the disease 136 times.

Although all the chicks died, Dr. Johnson discovered that the Flury strain had a unique characteristic: it transmitted rabies to other animals—mice, rabbits and dogs—into which it was injected, but they could not re-transmit the disease because the virus did not enter their saliva. The chain of transmission had been broken.

After years of further testing by leading virologists, the Flury strain was weakened so that it didn't give animals rabies, yet could prevent them from transmitting the disease

through their saliva. The result is a commercially practical vaccine that affords a dog protection for at least three, possibly four, years.

Since its emergence from the laboratory, the vaccine has passed the challenge of widespread field tests in different parts of the world. More than 150,000 dogs of all ages and breeds have been vaccinated in the U.S. with highly satisfactory results.

The new vaccine prevents rabies by wiping it out in dogs. Public health officials estimate that the disease will never appear in a community in which 80% of the dogs have been inoculated.

Meanwhile, there is a great need for a safer and simpler way of protecting people after they have been bitten by a suspect dog One step in this direction is the development of a so-called superserum which induces the production of antibodies against rabies sooner than the cumbersome and painful Pasteur treatment. The new serum, used in conjunction with rabies vaccine, must be administered within 72 hours of the bite.

Since present production is limited, it is available for use only in desperate cases where public health authorities request it. Already, it has saved the lives of at least two little girls like the Flury youngster, one in Texas, the other in Michigan. Someday, the superserum may take the place of the preventive treatment that helped to make Pasteur a medical hero.

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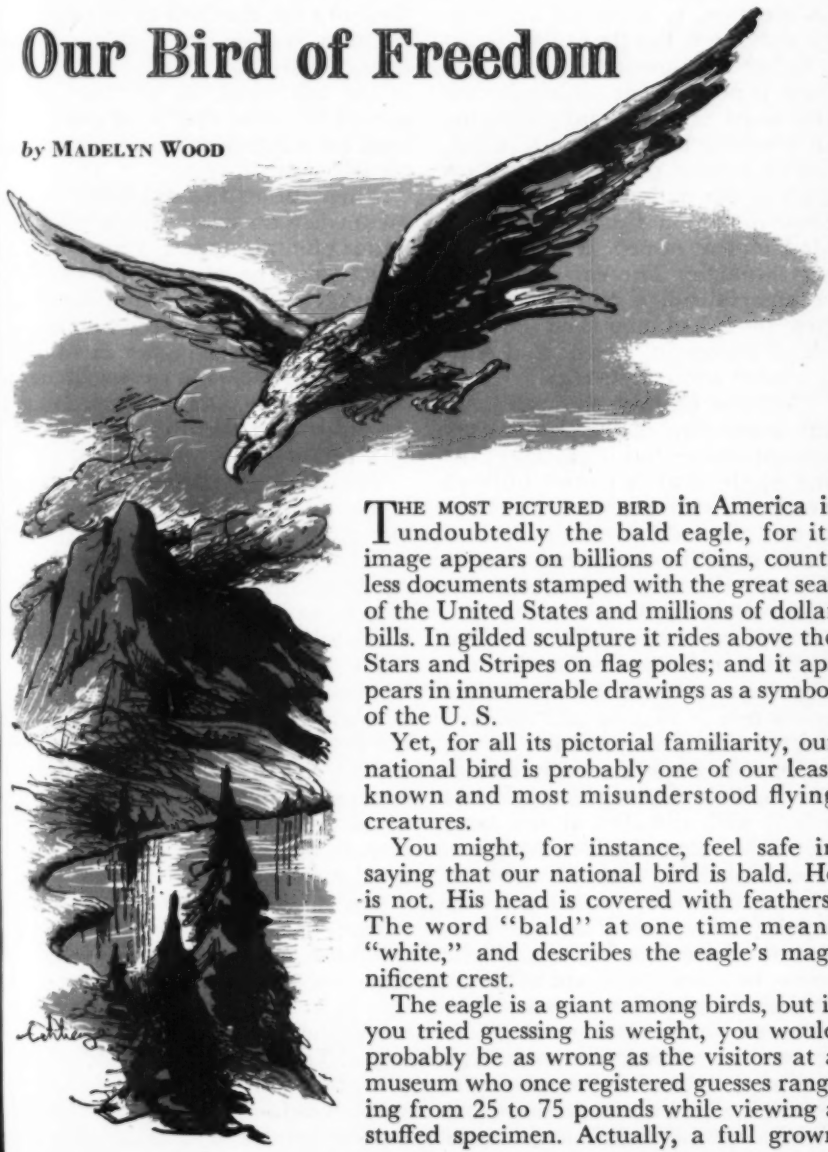
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Speed, stamina and courage make the bald eagle monarch of the skies

Our Bird of Freedom

by MADELYN WOOD



THE MOST PICTURED BIRD in America is undoubtedly the bald eagle, for its image appears on billions of coins, countless documents stamped with the great seal of the United States and millions of dollar bills. In gilded sculpture it rides above the Stars and Stripes on flag poles; and it appears in innumerable drawings as a symbol of the U. S.

Yet, for all its pictorial familiarity, our national bird is probably one of our least known and most misunderstood flying creatures.

You might, for instance, feel safe in saying that our national bird is bald. He is not. His head is covered with feathers. The word "bald" at one time meant "white," and describes the eagle's magnificent crest.

The eagle is a giant among birds, but if you tried guessing his weight, you would probably be as wrong as the visitors at a museum who once registered guesses ranging from 25 to 75 pounds while viewing a stuffed specimen. Actually, a full grown

eagle weighs only about 12 pounds.

You might say that he is fierce, ill tempered, and has been known, on occasion, to carry off lambs or even children. But the eagle is really a rather mild-mannered bird, and there is not a single authentic case on record of his actually carrying off anything heavier than a rabbit.

The choice of any kind of an eagle as our national bird caused a bitter debate in Congress in 1782. Most violent opponent was Benjamin Franklin. The eagle was not, he complained, a truly American bird, for it had long been the symbol of European, Asiatic and African kings and conquerors.

Congress did not accept Franklin's suggestion of the wild turkey as a substitute, but it did select the one eagle that is found only in North America. Scientists who have studied the bald eagle closely conclude that the founding fathers chose wisely, for he is indeed a true monarch of the skies.

Consider his astonishing speed and stamina. One spring day the eagle expert, Charles Broley, climbed into a tree in Florida and fastened a dated aluminum band to a young eagle. Two days later, a hunter in Canon, Georgia, shot an eagle and looked with disbelief at the same aluminum band. It had taken the young eagle less than 48 hours to fly over 600 miles. When an eagle sees far below him a duck floating on the glittering surface of the water, he dives downward at speeds estimated sometimes to exceed 100 miles per hour. Down, down he comes; then, when it seems certain he is going to crash into his target, he levels off with a miraculous braking action. He can stop almost dead still or he can sweep on in comparatively slow, level flight.

If his prospective meal is in the form of a fish clutched by an osprey, he must engage in an avian dogfight. Boldly he will come straight at the fish hawk. At the last split second he veers ever so slightly so that his wings just brush those of his screaming target.

Then comes the dramatic moment when the osprey drops his fish and it plummets toward the water. The battle is now between the eagle and gravity. He must come out of a turn that may have taken him considerably above the point at which the fish was dropped, get into a dive that will bring him directly above it, and in full flight dig his talons into its wriggling, slippery surface.

The most incredible part of the whole fish-catching performance is the eagle's eyesight. The term "eagle-eyed" is justifiably part of our language. E. H. Eaton, the ornithologist, reports making a careful check of a long, diagonal dive made by an eagle from a great height. The eagle had been directly overhead when he started the dive, but by the time he reached his target he was so far away that the scientist could barely see the fish in its talons, even with powerful binoculars. Measurements later showed the distance to be three miles.

The myth that eagles carry away lambs—or even children—has been exploded. A naturalist, E. S. Cameron, once tried a series of experiments in Montana in which he tested the lifting power of golden eagles. The largest object any eagle ever attempted to carry was a jackrabbit weighing seven pounds. Most experts believe that is about the

limit of the bird's weight-lifting capacity.

Farmers who have ruthlessly killed bald eagles on the grounds that they are poultry stealers have received a rude shock from the discoveries of Charles Broley. In 800 nests that he actually climbed into, he found the bones of domestic poultry in only two.

Experts say there may be no more than 1,200 bald eagles left in the U. S.—most of them along the Eastern seaboard—and estimate that at the present rate of extermination, there will be none at all in a few decades. Though a Federal law prohibits the killing of our national bird, the Audubon Society nevertheless estimates that as high as ten per cent of those remaining are being killed annually.

WHO SAYS AN EAGLE isn't brave? What about Old Abe, the war eagle, of whom a Southern general said, "I'd give a regiment for that bird!" Old Abe proved his courage by all human standards for bravery.

One day in 1861, a tall Indian named Chief Sky strode onto the field where recruits of the Chippewa Falls Company of the 8th Wisconsin Regiment were drilling. Tossing back his blanket, he pointed from the eagle that crouched on his arm toward the glittering bronze symbol that caught the sunlight on the staff above the American flag. As the recruits' gaze followed his gesture, they nodded agreement. This Indian had a great idea.



From that time on, Old Abe, as they promptly named him in spite of his obvious youth, became the talk of the Union Army. Carried into battle on a standard, he screamed encouragement to the men of the 8th Wisconsin. Bullets flew around him but Old Abe never flinched. Twice he was wounded, and several other times bullets clipped feathers from his great wings. After the war, with 36 battles and skirmishes to his credit, Old Abe was given a special room in the Wisconsin Capitol in Madison.

Eagles are strictly monogamous birds who mate for life, and they set up one home to which they return year after year throughout their long lives which, unless cut short by violence, may reach 30 to 40 years.

Their nests are a marvel of engineering. One in St. Petersburg, Florida, was found to be 20 feet deep and 9½ feet across. Estimated to weigh as much as two tons, many have withstood violent Florida hurricanes without any damage.

Along with the nest building comes an event of sheer breathtaking drama, the eagles' courtship.

At a height where the eagles are a mere speck, they lock talons and swoop down in a tremendous dive, cartwheeling as they drop some 500 feet. Then both race off together to sweep and soar, climb and glide in a winged ballet in the sky.

When the eggs are laid, one or the other will always be on the nest, sometimes sitting immobile for three days and nights. When one

leaves, the other takes over, until the appointed 35 days of incubation are up. If something makes it necessary for both to leave, they arrange a heavy, warm covering of leaves and grass over the eggs.

Soon after the one to four eaglets are hatched, their flying lessons begin. Now the value of that huge nest becomes apparent, for it serves as a practice landing platform. With appropriate gestures, the parent eagles leap upward. Finally the first youngster grasps the meaning of the pantomime and leaps, too. He promptly falls back to the nest; nevertheless, his parents rush about him in a great feathery flutter of excitement at his accomplishment.

He tries again and again until finally he actually hovers, though always he is careful not to let his flight carry him beyond the safe perimeter of the nest.

His parents now seek to lure him away, dropping bits of fish which fall temptingly just beyond his reach. In this they have infinite patience, spending weeks in tireless efforts to make the eaglet take that first tremendous leap. If he does not respond, the mother eagle is ready to push him toward the brink.

On a cliff above the Chippewa River in Wisconsin, I once saw a young eagle's first flight. He was the timid one, the last to leave the nest. Sometimes his parents would fly off close together, as if to hold a secret consultation about this retarded child. Finally, after one such conference, the mother eagle came back to the nest and pushed the reluctant eaglet over the edge.

With a catch in my throat, I saw that his wings remained closed as he plummeted toward the water. For a second the mother eagle hovered. Then with swift decision she shot down between her falling offspring and the water, levelled off and stretched her giant seven-foot wingspread reassuringly below him.

Did the baby eagle actually alight for a moment on the security of those motherly wings or did the sight of them arrest his terror? It was all over so swiftly I could not be sure exactly what happened, but a flashing moment later the eaglet was flying, shakily but triumphantly, upward.

I had seen a vivid enactment of the Biblical prophet's words: "... an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings . . ."



Problems! Problems! Problems!

THE HARDEST PROBLEM many fathers have to solve is how to keep up with easy payments. —MONT HURST

WE SHOULD ALL swap problems. Everyone knows how to solve the other fellow's. —LOUIE MORRIS (Hartwell Sun)

THE CHIEF PROBLEM of the modern family is having too much month left over at the end of the money. —*Ottawa* (Canada) *Citizen*



CLIFTON WEBB: Gentleman Actor

by THOMAS WOOD

IN THE INFORMAL atmosphere of the motion picture set, where cast and crew meet on such a casual, intimate basis that perfect strangers address each other as "Honey" and "Darling" on sight, Clifton Webb remains unyielding and remote. Few of his fellow workers are encouraged to call him even by his first name, and he is inclined to address still fewer in that familiar manner.

Though courteous and polite, he treats everyone with a precise, formal reserve that causes many to regard him as "stuffy" and "cold." But intimate friends explain that he is simply a stickler for protocol and that behind the decorous curtain there is a warm, sensitive human being.

"It isn't that Clifton won't unbend," says Darryl Zanuck, who heads 20th Century-Fox where Webb is under contract. "It's just that he can't."

Propriety and convention are so steeped in his veins, a friend of long standing points out, that he hasn't yet discovered there is a right way and a wrong way to do something. For him there is only one way—"the correct way." It is doubtful if, during an air attack, Webb would enter a bomb shelter without first

introducing himself to the owner.

A lean, compact man with close-cropped light hair, a mustache and sharp, inquisitive eyes, Webb stands just under six feet but creates an illusion of greater height by holding his 150-pound body stiff and erect, like a British drillmaster.

His diction, as befits a man who for more than 30 years was one of the brightest and most dependable fixtures on the Broadway stage, is rich and polished. His observations, which are worldly, perspicacious and witty, reflect cultured tastes, a cosmopolitan outlook and an international circle of distinguished friends.



In "Treasure Girl," 1928.

Early last year, Webb made a film called "Titanic," playing an amiable man of the world who, at the climax, went down with the ship. Among the real-life characters portrayed in the picture was John Jacob Astor; and Webb, shortly after completing his assignment, met the victim's son, Vincent, in New York.

"Why hello, Vincent," he said cordially. "I've just left your father."

Though there is an air of elegance about him that borders on regality, Webb gives the impression of never being out of place. He can stand on his head in approved yoga fashion, wear a silk topper and not appear self-conscious, and is, in all probability, the only man in Hollywood who knows how to hold a fish fork properly.

Webb is also punctual to the point of distraction, a habit which has given many a hostess a nasty turn. The most formal gathering in Hollywood has an elastic timetable, and guests straggle in more or less at their convenience. But with Clifton it's a point of honor to arrive at the hour specified.

When he first moved to Hollywood, a large dinner was given for him by Charles Brackett, president of the Motion Picture Academy. The invitations suggested 7 o'clock and Webb showed up on the dot, at which time not even the servants were ready to receive him.

As impeccable in his attire as in his manners, Webb has frequently been listed among the country's "ten best-dressed men," an honor he richly deserves. He is the tailoring industry's idea of the perfectly turned-out man. To him, things like the cut of a trouser, the hang of a coat, the length of a sleeve and the polish of a boot are matters of the gravest concern.

When arriving for work in the early morning, he doesn't breeze in wearing dungarees and moccasins, as do other stars. On the contrary, he looks more as if he were on his way to a tea. His coat and trousers match, his shirt is sparklingly fresh and his tie is noted for its complementary effect.

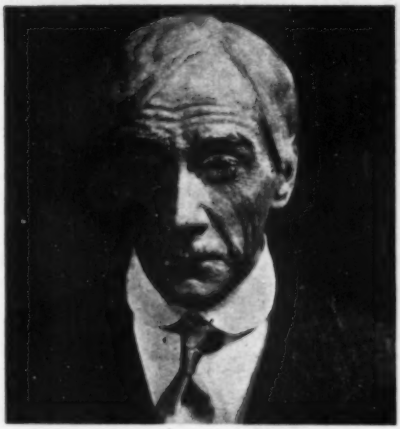
"Clothes are like relatives to Webbie," an actress who played in several Broadway shows with him recalls. "They're something he has

to live with, and he doesn't want any that will embarrass him."

He looks upon the hat as an essential part of good grooming, and he would no more leave his house without one than he would go to church in an open-neck sports shirt.

"Not only does a hat complete the attire," he once remarked, "but it permits you that magnificently courtly gesture of tipping your hat to a lady, an effect you can hardly hope to duplicate with a handshake and a 'Hi, Honey.' "

Webb owns what is perhaps the finest and most extensive wardrobe in Hollywood. He admits to having 65 suits custom-made of the finest materials. He doesn't buy shoes by the pair or clothes by the suit, but by the dozens. When he returned from Rome last fall, he brought back 24 suits, ten pairs of shoes and several crates of accessories. He vindicates the frequent purchase of new things by stating that clothes are essential to his career, a view, incidentally, that is not entirely shared by the Bureau of Internal



As John D. Rockefeller in revue, 1933.

Broadway howled at him as Gandhi, with Helen Broderick, in "As Thousands Cheer."





Clifton and mother in Hollywood, 1930's.

Revenue. Nonetheless, much of his spare time and many of his happiest hours are spent in tailoring shops where, a friend relates, he noses through the bolts of material like a well-mannered bird dog.

Webb has uncanny ability to flush out the best. It is not confined to wearing apparel, either. He has an instinct for the finer things of life and the money to indulge in them.

He has crossed the Atlantic some 48 times—always in season, of course—and is as at home in Paris, London, Florence or Biarritz as he is in Greenwich, Connecticut, where he used to live, and Beverly Hills where he has hung his expensive hats since 1944.

A gourmet, Webb will go almost anywhere for an exciting meal. He is highly successful at extracting chefs' secrets, although he doesn't cook himself. After making his latest picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain," in Rome, Webb gave an Italian dinner in Hollywood for members of the company—using for the lasagna a recipe from a famous Roman restaurant and for the sauce another from a Portofino cook.

Whenever he sees something he wants, Webb buys it on the spot. Some years ago, while playing in Chicago, he noticed a beautiful, special-bodied Packard, priced at $10,000, in a showroom. He walked in, sat in the front seat and said he'd take it.

The surprised salesman nearly crabbed the deal by trying to insist that the actor first go for a trial drive around the block. "That's not necessary," Webb replied. "I'm quite certain that the car will operate properly."

Webb is just as forthright and incisive in his work. His direct approach to his screen roles has made him one of today's outstanding box-office personalities. None of the 13 films he has made since his debut in "Laura" in 1944 has lost money. His presence in a cast assures class as well as cash.

During his film career, Webb has played a variety of parts, from polished heavies to exquisite cosmopolites. For his characterizations of the acidulous columnist in "Laura" and the fastidious expatriate in "The Razor's Edge," he was nominated for Academy Awards.

But the one for which he will go down in Hollywood history is his erudite baby sitter, Mr. Belvedere, in "Sitting Pretty." Though neither young nor handsome (by bubble-

gum standards, anyway) nor winner of the girl, he became an overnight box-office sensation. Letters poured in from distraught parents seeking advice on the rearing of their young.

A confirmed bachelor, Webb hadn't the slightest idea how to solve any of these problems. The studio offered to ghost the replies, but he refused. He considered it a point of honor for Mr. Belvedere, if not Clifton Webb, to answer them personally. In figuring out his replies, he put himself in the children's shoes and then speculated on what his mother would do.

He was on safe grounds here. Despite the fact that Clifton is now 60, his mother still treats him like a little boy.

A short time ago he had a washing machine installed in his home. He was working at the time and the salesman demonstrated its simple operation to his mother. Later, when



As "The Man Who Came to Dinner," 1938.

Pouring cereal on cranky baby endeared Webb to movie fans in "Sitting Pretty."





he asked her to show him how to run it, she refused. It was much too complicated for him to understand, she told him.

Webb's mother, now in her late 70's, but still alert and vibrant, is responsible for his theatrical career. An admitted frustrated actress, she was determined that her only son should be an actor and educated him for the stage from birth.

Little is known about Webb's father beyond the fact that he was a businessman and lived in Indianapolis where Clifton, whose real name is Webb Parmelee Hollenbeck, was born on November 19, 1893. Under his mother's persuasive guidance, Webb clicked from the beginning. Although modesty has never been one of his chief virtues—he often admits he has nothing to be modest about—he took each new triumph in stride.

Starting in Boston with the Aborn Opera Company, he played featured roles in such works as "La Bohème," "Mignon" and "Madame Butterfly" at the age of 17. From there he went on to dancing at a New York roof garden.

It was the period when Vernon and Irene Castle were the rage, and so many patrons asked Webb if he gave private lessons that he rented a studio, bought a phonograph and had cards printed reading: "Mr. Webb will take a few pupils."

"I charged $5 a lesson at first," he recalls. "Then we heard the Castles were asking $25, so mother raised my price and we got it."

During this period, Webb appeared in such musical comedies as "Listen Lester" and "As You Were,"

"Titanic" role gave Webb change of pace.

and headlined revues in both London and Paris. On his return to America, he went into a succession of long-run Broadway hits, including "Meet the Wife," "Sunny" and "Three's a Crowd." Among the names with whom he shared billing were the biggest in show business: Marilyn Miller, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Libby Holman.

Webb's career reached a new high in 1933 when his impersonations of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Noel Coward and Gandhi in "As Thousands Cheer" stopped the show.

"Clifton Webb is the most versatile of all American revue artists," commented one enthusiastic critic. It was the kind of notice with which Webb fully concurred.

Turning to the field of acting, he starred in "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "Blithe Spirit."

Webb is a man who thrives on work. Next to a rumpled suit, he hates inactivity most. One of the unhappiest periods of his life occurred in the mid-1930's when MGM brought him to Hollywood to star in a film which ran into script trouble and was never made. For 18 months Webb did nothing but pick up his $3,500-a-week pay.

The experience so embittered him that he resolved never to return to Hollywood except under his own terms. 20th Century-Fox met his conditions in 1944, and he closed his road tour of "Blithe Spirit" and shipped his trunks of clothes West.

Unlike most Broadway actors, Webb now has no desire ever to return to the stage. The prospect of doing the same thing over and over again unnerves him. "If you have a hit, you're stuck with it, endlessly," he observed recently. "And if it's a flop, it hurts your vanity."

Webb sold his Connecticut home about six years ago and now lives in a ramshackle 14-room, pink stucco house in Beverly Hills, on the right side of Wilshire Boulevard, with his mother and two French poodles. His private life is built around them.

If a poll were ever taken to find the most devoted son in the world, Clifton would win hands down. Everything he does is for his mother. His friends are her friends and she is included in all his social activities.

Between pictures, Webb keeps busy around the garden, putting in most of the plants himself and frustrating nursery salesmen by invariably ordering flowers by their proper Latin names. His blue denims



As "Mr. Scoutmaster," Webb gets salute.

are custom made and artificially faded to just the right tone, his straw hat is stylish and effective.

His gardens are immaculately kept and his flowers are conversation pieces. "His thumb is the proper shade of green," Jean Negulesco, the director, explains.

Webb paints as a hobby and collects pictures in a spontaneous if somewhat uncommercial manner. He buys paintings for what they do to him emotionally rather than for what they later may do for his estate. His walls are covered for the most part by the works of young unknowns. But there are also canvases by Cezanne, Monet and John Singer Sargent.

Clifton's prize possession, perhaps, is a portrait of himself at the age of 13. It was painted by George Bellows while Webb was an art student in New York, it being his mother's idea that his life should acquire shading through a knowledge of the sister arts.

Webb fell in love with the portrait and always wanted it, but felt the $25,000 asked too steep. The canvas was presented to him a few years ago by Darryl Zanuck, a man who, after noting the business Webb's pictures were doing, didn't quibble about the price.

Webb's contract for two pictures a year runs until 1967 and guarantees him an annual income of about $200,000. When assigned a part, he works out the characterization weeks in advance of shooting.

Above all else, he stresses accuracy of detail. Though he doesn't consider his knees photogenic, he wore shorts in a hiking sequence of "The Scoutmaster" when shown in the Boy Scout *Manual* that they were the proper dress for such occasions.

On the whole, Nature has done such a good job of imitating art in Webb's case that many people have difficulty distinguishing the man from his image. But in his defense it should be pointed out that he is first and foremost the consummate actor.

Although his film portrayals are usually brittle and often waspish, as he often is himself, tears come readily to his eyes when he meets an emotional situation in real life.

Some years ago, he was asked to visit a veterans' hospital. He readily agreed, though pointing out that he could do no tricks or routines. "But I'll be delighted to smile and say hello," he said.

While in one of the wards a nurse told him they had shown his Belvedere films innumerable times. "You see that boy over there," she said. "He's been here three years. No one ever visits him and he has never smiled. But he saw 'Sitting Pretty' last night and just now he laughed at you."

"If anyone asks me what was the greatest thrill of my life," says the polished, suave Webb, "that was it."

Webb and mother at recent dinner party.



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Picture Story



Moods in Music

by GEROLD FRANK

Speak of music, and you speak of an elemental mystery—the magic of sound. Man fashions it from singing string, echoing wood, trembling reed. Each instrument works a sorcery of its own.

HEAR THE VIOLIN. In the hands of a master, this contrivance of fragile wood and the imprisoned genius of some long-dead craftsman is the human voice itself: tremulous, impassioned, alive. It can weep, it can sing, it can soar; it seems to reach out to us from worlds unknown, weaving an inexpressible longing into our hearts. When it is sad, what makes it sad? Does any man know? When it is sunlight and champagne, gaiety and abandon, what makes it so? It is the most eloquent of instruments, the poet among the strings.



SOLID AS THE hearthstone, familiar as our next-door neighbor, the piano is friend and faithful companion. In thousands of homes it is all music and the beginning of music's delight. Deep in its massive boards and gleaming keys are captured the sounds of children's laughter, the endless scales played by children's dancing fingers. Given a virtuoso, it is more than an instrument—it is an entire orchestra, capable of infinite effects, now as tender as the whisper of wind over pine needles, now as mighty, as stentorian, as the rolling thunderclap of doom.



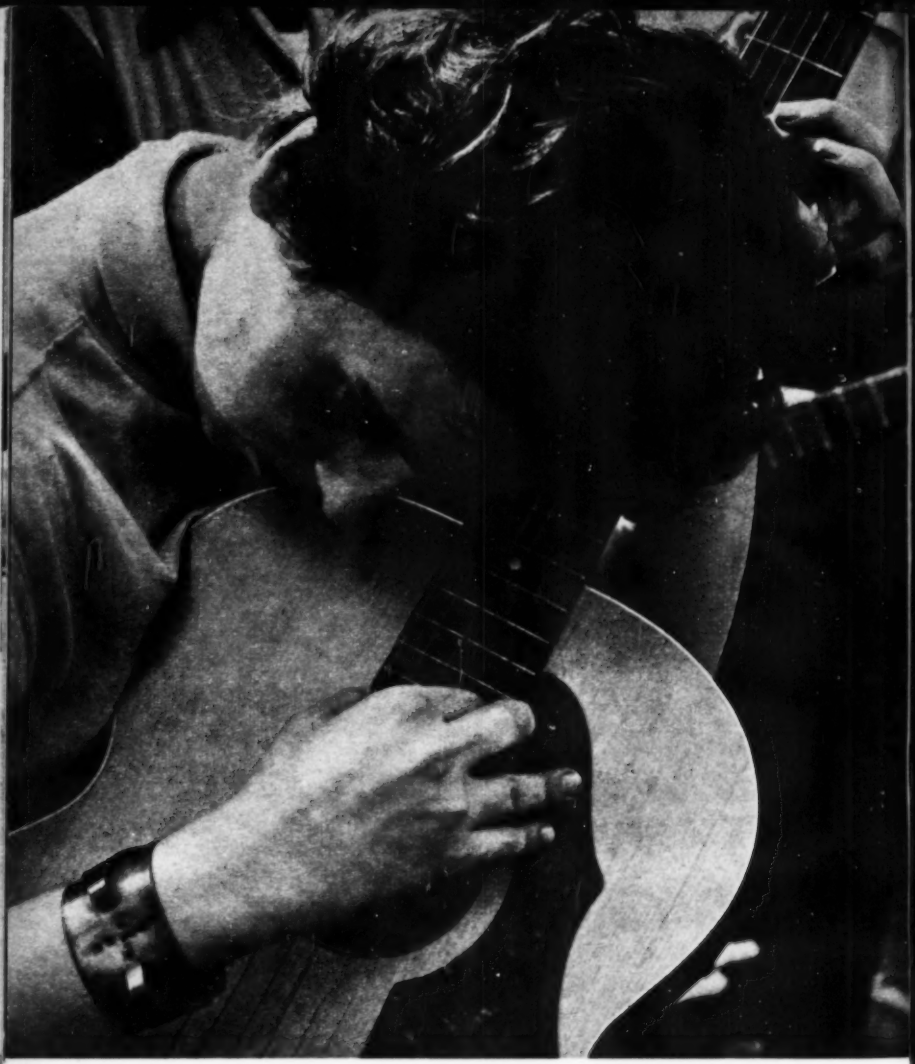
THE MOOD of the cello is somber, the march of its sonorous tones can be as majestic as death itself. It is the deep beat of the orchestra, speaking of great portents, of things beyond our imaginings, of the profoundest yearnings of the soul. To him who yields himself, the cello's voice, rising alone and unutterably sweet through the current of the orchestra, is like a draught of wine: it brings a slow, dark intoxication to our senses, leads us to the very edge of the infinite, where we wait, bemused, under the spell of some deep and poignant emotion.



DESCENDANT of David's lyre, beloved of kings and ancient bards, the harp is a thing of poetry anchored to earth. When its strings are plucked, fancy and fantasy take over. For its soft voice is as many-faceted as light on running water, its texture as delicate as shifting clouds. Among the other instruments of the orchestra, suddenly gross and heavy, its silvery notes glide and cascade, weave and interweave—limpid, exquisite, ethereal, harking back to the dawn of time. It is beauty, fathomless, insubstantial as air, caught at the moment of its vanishing.



AS OLD AS MAN himself is the music he has drawn from pipes. And perhaps the notes that even young players, after long practice, can coax from the French horn have something of that ancient, primitive mystery in them. For the tone is unforgettable. If you have heard strains of music that seemed wafted over mountain tops, notes hauntingly beautiful and hauntingly sad, as distant and melancholy as a voice lost between heaven and earth, you have known the strange, evocative loveliness of this most poetic of all brasses of the orchestra.



THE GUITAR is a gift of antiquity. Brother to lute and psaltery, it is among the most intimate of instruments. It complements the human voice as do few others; and in the moment of music-making, it becomes one with the player, the folk-singer, the poet-story teller. So was music made, in loneliness and remembrance, long before the orchestra was known. The guitar's pure, simple chords seem to bring us within the circle of a charm, evoking strange memories of love and of sweet ballads, of high, heroic deeds, of all the vast, inarticulate nostalgia of a people.



THEN THERE IS MUSIC this side of wizardry, music that conjures up visions as of cities veiled in dreams, of ghostly worlds and all things unearthly. The woodwinds have this power. The bassoon can be brooding and inscrutable, its hollow tones summoning dancers who cannot be seen, spectral beings thin as mist. Or, like the clarinet, it becomes mocking and ironic, or sensuous and caressing. They are the chameleons of the orchestra, changing mood in a grace-note's time—yet with their muted tones, they give us some of the loveliest music made by man.

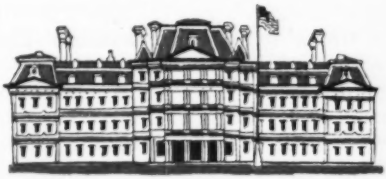


TO HEAR the organ, noblest of instruments, is to open the door to exaltation. For it speaks of things awesome, of church naves, and altars, and worship. Listening, it is as though we were sustained by great masses of rolling tone, bathed in a prodigality of sound until the whole world becomes a vast pulsebeat, and we part of it. To hear its magnificent chords, the full sublimity of its harmonies, is to know deep in our being that this wonder we call music is, in its loftiest moments, an act of communion, a sacrament of kinship with all mankind.

Twelve men hold the keys to the vital question of war or peace

SUPER-SECRET: Our National Security Council

by TRIS COFFIN



TWELVE MEN PLOT the course of American history in an old, high-ceilinged room whose long windows look down on the White House garden. No group outside the Kremlin plays with such mighty tools of war and peace, yet its very existence is almost unknown in Washington, a city where secrets are few.

The 12 men are anonymous engineers of destiny—the secret Planning Board of the National Security Council—a creation of President Eisenhower's to pull together all the tangled threads of military strategy, foreign policy, economics and secret intelligence and weave them into a strong armor of American defense.

The twelve are thinkers and planners especially picked for judgment and knowledge. They represent the White House, the Secretaries of State, Defense and Treasury, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Office of Defense Mobilization, the Bureau of the Budget, foreign aid administration and, on occasion, the Atomic Energy Commission.

They meet on the third floor of the proud old War-Navy-State Building, next door to the White House, whose storied halls have echoed to the troubled strides of Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, the crisp commands of Generals "Black Jack" Pershing and Douglas MacArthur and the colorful phrases of Cordell Hull.

Three afternoons a week, the twelve pass through a closed-off portion of the third floor marked "No Thoroughfare" and into a plain, almost shabby conference room. Here they sit around a hardwood table from 2:30 until after twilight. They ponder such enigmas as Russia's progress in H-bomb manufacture, the uneasy government of Italy, the stealthy path of Communist guerrillas through the jungles of southeast Asia, and the cost of the latest U. S. jet bomber.

From these four-hour meetings on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, recommendations on strategy that shape the world go to the National Security Council. It gathers at 10 o'clock every Thursday morning in the Cabinet room of the White House. There, the Planning Board recommendations are presented crisply by General Robert

Cutler, the chairman of the board.

As Cutler speaks in his precise Boston voice, others will interrupt with thoughtful questions . . . the familiar clipped accents of Mr. Eisenhower, the cultured tones of Secretary of State Dulles, the faint twang of Secretary of Defense Wilson. When a technical point on military operations arises, General Cutler will ask a naval officer sitting at the table for an explanation. This will be Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Or perhaps Lewis Strauss, Atomic Energy Commission chairman, will be called on for a briefing.

After a thorough but relatively brief discussion, the Board proposals are usually approved and ordered into effect by President Eisenhower. A sample of how the Board operates is the way it pounded out the long-range security program of the Administration during the brisk and troubled winter of 1952-53.

This began in a series of conversations between President-elect Eisenhower and his close friend, Robert Cutler, Boston banker. Cutler, today one of the most powerful behind-the-scenes figures in Washington, was a World War II advisor to two men who had much to do with modern military planning, Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of Defense Forrestal. Cutler, a reserve general, still likes to be called by the title.

Eisenhower's disciplined mind was concerned by what he saw as a hot and cold security policy of the Truman Administration. He told Cutler that one of the new Administration's first tasks would be to line up a long-range American defense program, elastic enough so it would not be knocked out by a sudden Soviet punch. Eisenhower even laid down the aims: avoid catastrophic war, weld an Allied coalition whose combined strength would hold off any Communist lunge, use modern arms to create a more dynamic and less cumbersome defense and cut expenses so that defense costs would not cripple our economy.

Eisenhower saw the Council as the workshop for forging this policy and put Cutler in as foreman. His title is Chairman of the NSC Planning Board.

Cutler organized the Board with characteristic energy and precision. Eisenhower sent word that every member should be able at any moment to go right to his boss, such as the Secretary of State, without being stopped by protocol or red tape. Also, according to one of Cutler's comments, "He (the member) has the authority of the head of his department to utilize its resources to perform his Board function."

Once formed, the Board began to gather all the secret information needed to build a long-range security policy. Some of the questions that arose were: Can we re-arm South Korean troops to replace American GI's? Are the South Koreans dependable? Can they be trained to operate American mass-firepower weapons? How can the American continent be best defended against attack? Would it be less costly in dollars to create an immense U. S. armed force or to finance a build-up of Allied military strength? Will defense spending at the current rate bankrupt

American economy over a quarter-century? How much secret information on nuclear weapons can be turned over to our Allies?

These questions were threshed out with Cutler's logical mind leading the forum and calling for facts, facts, facts. The planners brushed away a lingering hope that Russia might reform and play ball. The Board soberly concluded that as long as the Communist Party is a dominant force in world affairs, there will be trouble and conflict.

Three weapons could repel Communism—armed force, psychological warfare and economic security. Communist aggression should be met by force wherever it appears and under whatever guise. Every medium of communication should be used to show up Communism as a sham and lie. Finally, and perhaps most important in the long run, an increase in the world's living standards would destroy Communism's greatest weapon, its appeal to the hungry.

On a decisive day in American history, March 13, 1953, the plan was taken to the Council, called to order by the President at 9 in the morning. It stayed in session until long after the lights were lit on the White House portico. Later, when security officers came to gather and burn every scribbled note, a new American policy had been born!

The Council was fathered by the late James Forrestal, who wanted to put on a permanent footing the informal "Committee of Three" (the Secretaries of State, War and Navy) set up in 1945. Forrestal told a Congressional committee:

"This provides that which I have felt has long been needed in our government, an instrument for effective and frequent coordination between national policy and military potential. . . ."

He explained that the NSC would decide our international commitments and risks. On the basis of this, the Joint Chiefs of Staff would prepare strategic plans and spell out the need for weapons, supplies and manpower; the Munitions Board would translate this in terms of industrial mobilization; another agency would look ahead to supplies of raw materials and stock-piling; economists would figure the effects on the overall economy.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BEN HOGAN"

Jimmy Demaret tells the dramatic and inside story of the "world's greatest golfer." In August Coronet.

The Council was set up in September, 1947, with a small staff. The Central Intelligence Agency was formed as its "eyes and ears." When, for example, the Council wanted a dossier on Malenkov, the CIA dug through mountains of information, both public and secret, and boiled it down to a succinct, meaningful appraisal.

From the beginning of its life, the Council was thrown into crisis. The first came about because Communist guerrillas, trained in Russia and infiltrated from Bulgaria, were conquering Greece. A weak and corrupt regime was faltering. Britain said she could no longer take responsibility for Greece. It was up to the United States!

This looked like the beginning of

a Communist drive west to Italy, Austria and Germany. The Joint Chiefs of Staff said we were not prepared militarily to stem this tide. Secretary of State Acheson reported that we would have to re-organize the Greek government and army. President Truman said grimly we must stop the aggression.

A plan was worked out, on Truman's initiative, virtually to run Greece through our Embassy and Military Mission, and institute the needed reforms in return for economic and arms aid. The plan worked, and the Communists were driven out.

ANOTHER MAJOR CRISIS followed in a few weeks—the Soviet roadblock around Berlin. A firsthand description of the Council's action was given by Admiral Sidney W. Souers, Cutler's predecessor, to a civilian orientation conference at the Pentagon. Souers said:

"From a purely military point of view, holding on in Berlin, where we were surrounded by Soviet forces, was a definite risk. In addition, the Airlift (decided on by the Council) involved committing a large number of our transport aircraft, where, with Russian fighters buzzing them, there was real danger of a serious incident. This strictly military point of view, considered alone, would have led us to withdraw from Berlin.

"In contrast, the political effect of a withdrawal was very serious. The State Department stressed the symbolic value of Berlin to the Germans and the support which the Berlin people had given us. Also, any withdrawal from Berlin would be interpreted by our Allies as the first sign of American withdrawal from the whole European scene.

"The Council, with the President presiding, considered all these factors. It had the benefit of direct reports from General Clay, our commander in Germany. Then, acting on a Council recommendation, the President decided we should stay in Berlin and authorized continuing and strengthening the Airlift."

During the critical period from 1947 to 1949, the Council also studied Yugoslavia's dramatic break with Russia; the creation of new nations, Israel and Indonesia, in strategic areas; chaos in oil-rich Iran; Communist control of all China; Communist attacks in Indo-China and Korea; whether to make a hydrogen bomb; and the birth of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

In each case, the NSC checked the facts, debated and made decisions. In all these crises, the actual job of gathering information and putting the pieces together fell upon the deputies of the actual members. These deputies have now become the Planning Board.

Under President Eisenhower, with his strong belief in a trained operating staff, the Council's field has been spread wider. Originally, the Council was the President, Vice President and Secretaries of State and Defense, with the Central Intelligence Director and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff sitting in. Eisenhower has added Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, Foreign Aid Administrator Stassen, and Defense Mobilization Director Arthur S. Flemming. Called in as sideline advisors are the Chairman of the

AEC and the Director of the Budget.

For its small and highly trained staff of 28, the NSC has experts on such subjects as internal security (the internal security officer was especially selected by J. Edgar Hoover) and three whom Cutler described simply as "thinkers . . . people of general knowledgeability, around 30 years old." Their task is to breathe the pure upper air of thought and bring in imaginative ideas. Also, the Council selects consultants to give expert advice on specific programs. Last year, the NSC brought in seven top industrialists but asked that their names and assignments be held confidential.

The real mainspring of the Council is Cutler, a selfless public servant of the same cut as Forrestal. He sees that things get done. In a rare and revealing closed-door appearance before the House Appropriations Committee, he was asked: "You are given certain problems by the President to solve or recommend the solution. Do you initiate it the other way around, too? If something comes to your attention which you think requires immediate action, do you notify the President?"

He replied readily: "Yes, sir. We had a good example a little while ago. Discussion arose in the Cabinet and the issue was not settled. I went to the President after the meeting and obtained his approval to put it on the Council's agenda. He decides what the Council should take up at its meetings. . . ."

A Congressman asked what happened if the Board could not get together on a Council recommendation. Cutler replied crisply: "We certainly do not want a watered-down compromise. We want the views to go up as a 'split paper.'" He also testified that from the time a problem is placed before the Board until it reaches the Council as a recommendation, three weeks have passed.

Cutler's testimony is like a lens focusing onto the high-ceilinged conference room overlooking the White House garden. The scene is clear. A slight, gray-haired man with military bearing and frosty Yankee accent sits at the head of a long table. Before him are eleven men. Few, if any, could be identified by reporters across the lane in the White House press room.

As the conversation goes around the table, biting hard into a crisis, the words are sharp and clear. No truths are hidden or glossed over. As the afternoon wears on and cigarette smoke fills the room, a logical plan falls into place like tumblers on a lock when the right combination is twirled. These men, in truth, are the engineers of destiny —the men who keep America safe from the threat of Red aggression.

Hat Chat

A WOMAN'S HAT SHOP is a place where a wife will try on 40 hats until she finds the one her husband doesn't like.
—LYNNE GILMORE



ALL WOMEN'S HATS are different. Milliners seldom make the same mistake twice.
—*Star-Herald*, Scottsbluff, Nebr.

The story of giant smokestacks is also the story of the Custodis Company

CHIMNEYS in the Sky

by REED MILLARD

IN THE LONELY REACHES of Montana, a fantastic structure soars into the blue Western sky. It is a massive building of vast proportions, so big and so tall that the Washington Monument could easily be dropped inside it. Only a few of America's biggest cities have skyscrapers that equal it in height.

An unusual place for a building 50 stories high? Perhaps, but there's one much like it 12,000 feet up in the Andes and another in battle-scarred Korea. And there's still another, which, though it is the tallest structure in California, is not located in a big city at all.

If you have ever craned your neck to look at the dizzying height of such a structure, you don't need to be told that these great shafts, the industrial chimneys, are one of the real engineering marvels of the world. Not the least amazing fact about them is that the great majority, wherever located on the globe, were built by the engineers of one American firm, the Custodis Construction Company of New York.

The story of this organization, which has built more than 10,000 skyscraping chimneys, began around the turn of the century, when a young German, Alphons Custodis, pondered a problem that had long baffled engineers. Around many factories, the countryside was blighted. Vegetation died and people gasped as poisonous fumes belched from low chimneys.

The obvious solution was to make the chimneys higher, yet builders could only shake their heads. One taller than 100 feet, they figured, could not be built without risk of collapsing. And anyway, a structure that high might be knocked down by wind or shattered by lightning.

Custodis was unconvinced. Maybe that would happen to chimneys built of ordinary square brick. But why couldn't the bricks be rounded? In that question he had hit upon the secret. He invented a radial brick, one with a slight curve, and proved that there was almost no limit to how high a chimney could be built.

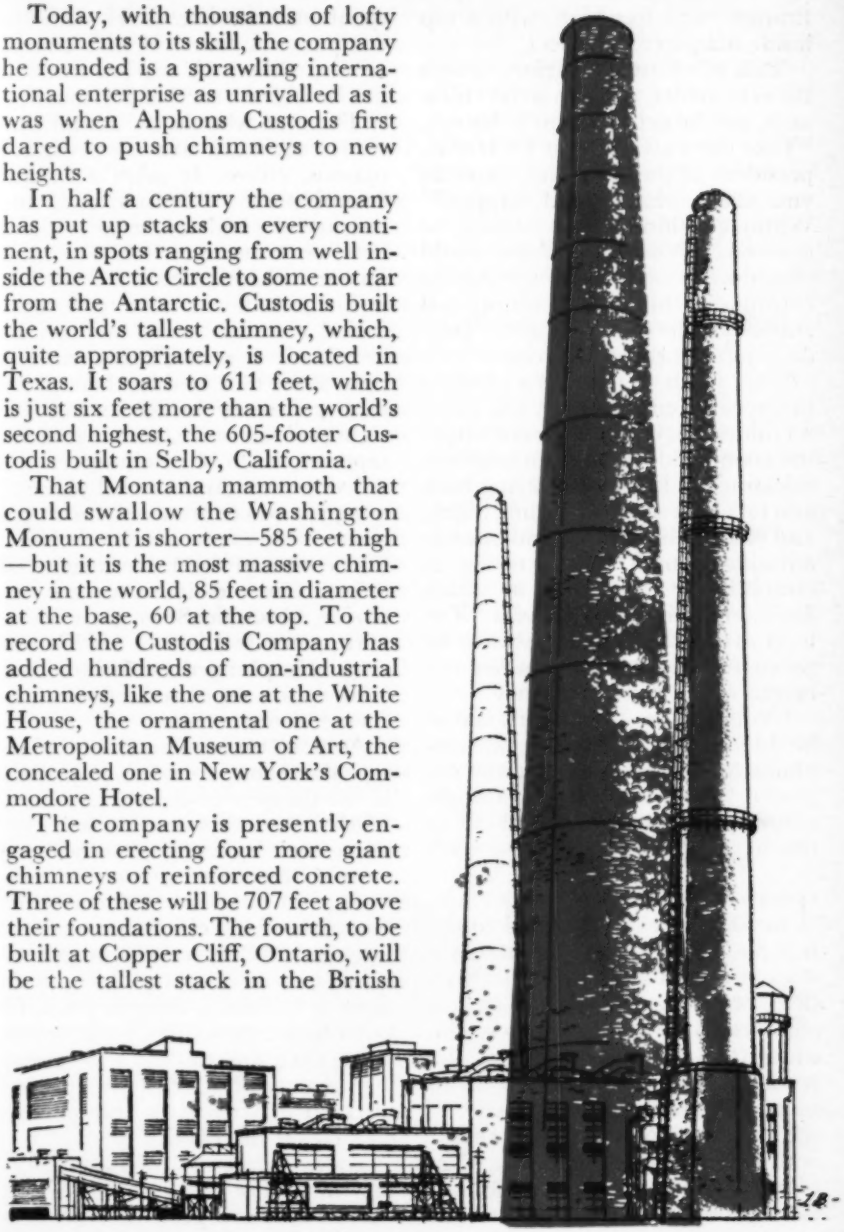
Factory owners listened eagerly to his story. Soon he was building chimneys 200 feet high, and then higher still, as his curved bricks proved themselves. The round chimneys withstood the wind, and Custodis rigged a system of lightning rods that saved them from bolts.

Today, with thousands of lofty monuments to its skill, the company he founded is a sprawling international enterprise as unrivalled as it was when Alphons Custodis first dared to push chimneys to new heights.

In half a century the company has put up stacks on every continent, in spots ranging from well inside the Arctic Circle to some not far from the Antarctic. Custodis built the world's tallest chimney, which, quite appropriately, is located in Texas. It soars to 611 feet, which is just six feet more than the world's second highest, the 605-footer Custodis built in Selby, California.

That Montana mammoth that could swallow the Washington Monument is shorter—585 feet high—but it is the most massive chimney in the world, 85 feet in diameter at the base, 60 at the top. To the record the Custodis Company has added hundreds of non-industrial chimneys, like the one at the White House, the ornamental one at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the concealed one in New York's Commodore Hotel.

The company is presently engaged in erecting four more giant chimneys of reinforced concrete. Three of these will be 707 feet above their foundations. The fourth, to be built at Copper Cliff, Ontario, will be the tallest stack in the British



Empire—637 feet high, with a top inside diameter of 30 feet.

Talk to a Custodis engineer about the real giants, the industrial chimneys, and he gets a gleam in his eye. "Take them away," says Ed Horne, president of the company, "and do you know what would happen?" Without waiting for an answer, he goes on: "Whole industries would close down—our economy would be crippled. I'm talking about tall chimneys," he hastens to add. "They do a job the short ones can't."

That job is to provide a pipeline to upper air currents that will carry off fumes that could otherwise blight the countryside. Watch an engineer releasing toy balloons or flying back and forth in a smoke-belching plane, and you can be sure he is not merely amusing himself. He is trying to establish the exact level at which horizontal air streams exist. The level at which he finds them to be powerful enough determines the height of the future chimney.

"You can see the importance of having a high enough stack," explains Mark Shriver, company engineer, "when you consider a single chimney may have to send up as much as *forty tons of gases a minute.*"

THE COMPANY'S SUCCESS as chimney-maker can be traced to the fact that building the giant stacks is one of the most specialized construction jobs on earth. The engineers who design them, the foremen who direct the construction and the workers who actually climb up to build them rank among the elite of the building world. Though armed with an engineering degree, a Custodis man is not considered an authority on chimneys until he has spent at least five years with the company. A foreman isn't considered qualified for his job until he has had nine years' experience.

The men who do the actual construction work are no ordinary masons, either. It takes a unique combination of brawn, skill and courage to wield 12-pound bricks or hefty concrete forms while perched on a scaffold hundreds of feet high.

The bricklayers have to have an added piece of know-how, for, incredible as it seems, it is their eyesight alone that enables them to lay each course of bricks in just the right position to create that graceful taper of the finished chimney.

Every man on the aerial phase of a big job (there are two men on the ground for every one in the air), lives constantly with the menace of height. One old-time Custodis employee, Alexander Sewright, a Scotsman, once fell inside a 437-foot stack. He plunged earthward, but hung on to a rope until fellow workers could rescue him.

Actually the high-climbing builders take a matter-of-fact approach to the dangers of their occupation. "Safer than crossing the street," avers Tunis Egbert, boss of the company's Eastern construction division, who has clambered around hundreds of big chimneys.

There's really more danger of being hit by a falling object than there is of falling oneself. Barnard O'Connor, head of the firm for years, once walked onto a job wearing a straw hat. A falling brick hurtled downwards and neatly clipped off the brim.

Today, company rules are strict: the men must wear the so-called "tin hats," hard protective helmets

that can take an astonishing amount of punishment. Recently, a worker was hit squarely by a hammer hurtling down from 300 feet above. Though the blow crumpled the helmet, the man suffered only a slight skull fracture.

Each out-of-the-way place presents Custodis engineers with a special set of problems. One chimney in Turkey was in such a remote spot that they found it easier to ship bricks all the way from the U.S. than to try to find them locally. Every job is a race with time—how much of a race depending on the length of the region's good weather season.

The big chimney at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, could be built at a leisurely pace and finished in the winter. Those in cold climates, like the 510-foot one at Copper Cliff, Ontario, can only be started in the spring and must be finished before winter sets in.

The average construction time, from the foundation to the platinum tips of the lightning rods, is only six months, a feat achieved because one bricklayer can lay as many as 1500 bricks a day, while concrete construction crews boast that they can put their kind of stack up even faster.

On the company's greatest rush job, engineers always felt sorry they hurried so fast. In fact, they wished afterwards that that particular chimney had never been built.

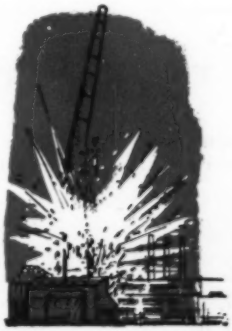
In 1938, the International Nickel Company of Canada asked Custodis if it would tackle building a giant at Petsamo, Finland, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Custodis engineers quickly discovered it would be a strange job, for every bit of material would have to be delivered to the remote spot during the winter when the roads were frozen solid.

Building, once it started, was a race against the coming of the long Arctic winter. The builders won the race, although October winds howling down from the north numbed fingers of workers.

But Custodis didn't win the race with war, for hardly had the chimney been completed than it was seized, first by the Russians, then by the Germans. As defeat loomed, and the Russians neared, the Germans demolished the chimney. Russian engineers threw up their hands at the destruction, and soon a Soviet emissary turned up at the Custodis office in New York.

At that time, the U.S. was still in the honeymoon stage with Russia. Since it was part of official policy to help that country rebuild war-wrecked plants, Custodis undertook to give the Russians some advice.

In a weird session in Custodis' New Jersey warehouse, four Russian officials, none of whom spoke English, watched while sweating engineers laid out concrete forms and an interpreter translated their comments. Finally this long-range instruction was given up. Reluctantly Custodis signed a contract to send two advisers to Petsamo.



Harry Monroe and Ed Kinley, superintendents

tapped for the job, got a curious picture of Iron Curtain construction methods. They had been at Petsamo four months before a drop of concrete was poured, for though the Russians had hordes of workers, the only mechanized equipment was a battered Ford pick-up truck.

When, months later, the two Americans left, they reported that the chimney had reached a height of only 20 feet. Clandestine reports indicate that the Russians eventually got it up to 300 feet, stopping 205 feet short of the original height. At that level, the nearby town may be sprayed with poisonous fumes.

Anyone who ever cranes to peer at the soaring heights of a big chimney is likely to wonder why the thing doesn't blow down. Custodis engineers never worry about that. The chimneys are built to withstand winds of at least 100 miles an hour, and some in tropical locations have been lashed by winds far stronger.

Actually, a round chimney is like an air foil; the air simply flows around it. Moreover, a chimney is built to sway. One 375-foot stack has been known to sway one foot-six inches each way from center.

The fact that big chimneys are often struck by lightning and yet little damaged is due to Custodis' success in developing effective rods. During construction, before the rods have been put in place, the cable on the hoist acts as a rod. No Custodis worker has ever been killed by lightning.

Man-made explosions have had no more effect on the Custodis chimneys. When the thunder of violently exploding ships rocked Halifax in 1917, the destruction was wholesale. Hundreds of buildings collapsed under impact. On the very day of the explosions, Custodis men had just finished the last of six big chimneys for the Imperial Oil Company. The chimneys were unseasoned, yet, while buildings at their bases crumpled like matchwood, the chimneys stood.

Perhaps the most astonishing escape of a Custodis chimney occurred in February, 1953. One night, a large section of Baltimore was rocked by an explosion. It took place *inside* the 350-foot chimney of the Back River Sewage Plant. Firemen in the nearby Essex firehouse got a unique alarm when the force of the explosion slammed the firehouse doors shut. Yet the chimney in which the blast occurred survived without a sign of damage.



This Younger Generation

WELL, the huge national debt our younger generation will inherit should keep them from one indulgence—ancestor worship!

—*Wall Street Journal*

PEOPLE WHO WONDER where this younger generation is headed for would do well to consider where it came from. —General Features Corp.

THE MOST AGGRAVATING thing about the younger generation is that a lot of us no longer belong to it. —*Grit*

Fortune in Feathers

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

One man's salesmanship made squabs virtually worth their weight in gold

NEXT TIME YOU SIT down in your own dining room or a restaurant to enjoy the taste of a tender and succulent squab, you might like to know the story of how this poultry delicacy came to the tables of America. It is the story of an enterprising young man with an idea, of a big business that started from scratch, and of some 100,000 Americans who believed in the young man and shared his success to the extent of millions of dollars.

The young man was Elmer Rice, born in Worcester, Massachusetts. In 1900, this lean and lanky ex-reporter for a Boston newspaper went to interview a farmer on the city's outskirts. Rumor had it that the man was experimenting with a rare breed of chicken that would startle the poultry world.

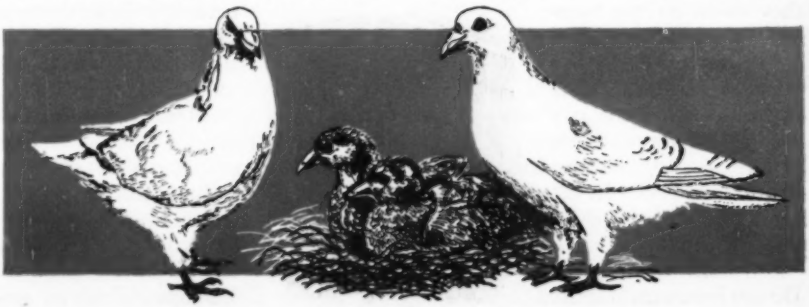
Elmer found the farmer carpentering the roof of a long shed. "What are you going to raise?" Rice asked.

"Squab," answered the farmer.

Elmer looked blank: like most people of that day, he had never heard the word before. The farmer went on to explain that a squab was a young nestling pigeon. He was building a new house for his 200 pairs of breeding pigeons because Boston marketmen were clamoring for squabs. The farmer also remarked that although the squab was highly esteemed by European gourmets, only a few breeders in this country were aware of the bird's value as food.

Rice went back to his Boston boarding house with the germ of an idea—an idea that would give his pockets more weight than the $25 weekly he had earned as a reporter. Library research revealed that:

It took an adult mated pair of pigeons 17 days to produce and hatch two eggs, and another 28 days to feed the nest birds until they were plump enough for marketing. This meant that in less than two



months, two squabs weighing a pound or less apiece would be ready for sale.

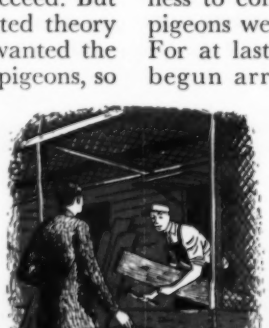
Next, Elmer queried marketmen and found that they wanted all the squabs they could get. In their opinion, the tender young bird was superior in flavor to the Scotch grouse, the pheasant and the guinea hen. And their customers agreed.

At this point, Rice did something that marked him as a man of genius —and also made his fortune. He decided he was *not* going to raise squabs for sale. Despite the potential market for birds, a period of public taste education was needed. And, although he had never even tasted a squab, he, Elmer Rice, was going to educate America.

In his Beacon Hill boarding-house, Elmer worked nights on a book which described in beguiling words the whys and wherefores of raising squabs for profit. Then he placed a "money-for-the-making" ad in New York and Philadelphia newspapers.

Almost overnight, book orders came piling in. Elmer had proved he was right: get a good idea, promote it, and you will succeed. But suddenly his tightly-knitted theory began to ravel. People wanted the book *and* adult breeding pigeons, so they could go into business in a hurry.

Within ten days, Elmer had $6,000 in his pocket—and no pigeons. Hastening to his farmer friend in the country, he bought all the man's birds, then vainly scoured the countryside for more. Disaster was imminent unless he could turn the tide of dollar bills to his advantage.



Renting a loft in Boston, Rice hired a secretary and evolved a plan to save his venture. Already he had discovered there were many breeders of homing pigeons in America—men who bred the birds for racing, for Army work, or just for fun. But these fanciers would sell only their castoffs, and Elmer did not propose to build business on such a foundation. So now he looked to Europe, sending letters to American consuls abroad.

Replies came back, naming two breeders—one in England, one in Belgium. Elmer placed an order with the English breeder. Promptly he sent 100 pairs by boat, but most of the birds were dead when Elmer opened the crates. He then placed an order with the Belgian.

Six weeks passed: Rice still had the $6,000, and no birds. One morning a customer and a policeman appeared at Elmer's door. The irate customer had ordered $30 worth of pigeons and built a pigeon house. What sort of swindle was this?

It took all of Rice's persuasiveness to convince the man that his pigeons were virtually on the way. For at last, the Belgian birds had begun arriving, and Elmer had enough breeders to keep customers happy until more stock was available.

Meanwhile, his volume, *The National Standard Squab Book*, was a sellout. Elmer bought a farm in Melrose near Boston. The Belgium breeder became his European agent and

kept homers coming into Boston.

Rice now was in need of a trademark, something that would suggest stability and permanence. One morning, he had an idea. "Plymouth Rock," he mused aloud. Then, enthusiastic, he added: "I'll call them Plymouth Rock Royal Squabs and make the name world-famous."

At last, Rice was in business. But without his facile typewriter, he wouldn't have lasted long. Every customer who bought breeders assumed that Elmer was a pigeon pundit. If a bird had a cold, laid three eggs instead of two, Rice was the first to hear about it.

Working with his pigeons during the day and staying with his typewriter until 2 A. M., Rice helped customers through their trying hours. Only once, and several years later at that, did he interrupt his routine, and that was to visit Belgium to check on his pigeon sources.

In Brussels, he found a large, red-hued bird that the Belgians called the Carneaux. Selecting several hundred pairs, Rice had them shipped to Melrose, then followed the red birds back to America.

The new breed did well. The squabs he dubbed "jumbos," and offered to sell choice breeders through still another venture—the monthly *National Squab Magazine.* With the help of his wife Meta, he published the magazine for the benefit of his "eager breeders," and to give equipment manufacturers and feed producers an opportunity to advertise their wares.

By now, people all over the country were making money from raising squabs—people like Charles J. McMahon of New Jersey and Alice Courser of Rhode Island.

McMahon wrote: "I inserted one ad in the local paper offering squabs for sale. The result: I am busy turning customers away."

Mrs. Courser wrote: "When my husband retires from his civil service job, we plan to sell our home and get a larger place so I can branch out in my squab business."

Success, however, is not something that grows of its own accord. Elmer's seed-stock breeders now began to thin out. At this critical point, the Brussels agent cabled that 15,000 pigeons, mixed homers and Carneaux, were on their way to Boston. Eagerly, Elmer went to the pier with trucks. But no ship.

Four days later, the *Kingstonian* limped into port. A fire at sea had wiped out most of Rice's birds.

Chance, which now seemed to be a partner, again came to Elmer's aid. Two young men in New Jersey were experimenting with a fabulous breed of new white pigeon. Elmer learned that by crossing various domestic and imported strains the pair had produced an unusually large bird called the White King.

A gentle, contented bird, it apparently enjoyed captivity and didn't have the urge to fly away like American and Belgium homers. Squabs weighed one pound at 24 days, and some weighed more. Again Elmer wrote a folder, telling customers of his new find and offering 6,000 breeder pairs at reasonable prices.

From that day onward, the White King became the coveted pigeon—the breeder of the largest squabs and the bulwark of Rice and his Royal Squab business. When World War I divested Belgium of most of its pigeons, breeders realized that if

they wanted birds, they must turn to an American upstart in Massachusetts! Rice had arrived. He was the biggest pigeon dealer in the world.

Elmer still knew he could make a fortune by sending squabs direct to market; but he also knew this would be unfair to his customers. So he decided to continue his campaign of public education.

Journeying to New York City, he visited the chefs of top hotels. A steady supply of his own squabs were sent to him and he cooked them, carved them before the eyes of the great men of food, and told how the tasteful birds consistently weighed more than 12 pounds to the dozen.

Dale Carnegie, articulate friend of struggling Americans, told the story of Elmer and his squabs in a nationally syndicated newspaper column. Under the title, "Get Out of the Rut," Carnegie's account not only promoted the sale of squabs but revealed the steps that had made Elmer a success:

"(1) He hit on a new idea. (2) He investigated his market before he started, to make sure there was a demand. Convinced he had a market, he threw himself into his project heart and soul."

Today, the man who discovered squabs in 1900 is 85 years old. He lives in retirement near Melrose, while his chief assistant for 28 years, John Van Galen, a Hollander, has finally closed the doors of the Plymouth Rock Squab Company. But other men and women are carrying on in the Rice tradition.

Some of the squab raisers, like the Palmetto Pigeon Plant in Sumter, South Carolina, are large operators—larger even than Rice was in his heyday. Under the managership of Harold Moise, the Palmetto Plant ships as many as 20,000 squabs to market a month.

Breeders like J. H. Webster of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and J. W. Sieverling of Irving, Texas, maintain quality breeding stock. Any of these sources will supply information about the purchase of breeders and the raising of squabs.

Shortly before he retired, Rice wrote still another book, *How to Make Money by Mail.* In a tart precede, he said: "What this country needs, having secured several good five-cent cigars, is, in peacetime, an Administration at Washington which will leave our people alone. They will do what's necessary."

Elmer Rice, who made a fortune in feathers, always believed in the American individual. And with good reason. For he knew more than 100,000 individuals who found stimulation and profit in learning how to run their own businesses in their own way.

A WISE WOMAN puts a grain of sugar into everything she says to a man, and takes a grain of salt with everything he says to her.

REMEMBER THAT A man's love thrives far better on the stimulant of suspense than on the anaesthetic of memory. —HELEN ROWLAND

The Shadow of a Soldier

by DON MCNEILL

DUTY AS A HEADQUARTERS adjutant was boring to the slender young officer seated behind the mountain of paper work on his desk. Despite more than ten years in the service, he was still only a lieutenant, for promotion was slow in the U. S. Army of 1914.

He envied his fellow-officers, then out on one of the most extensive war games ever held in the Philippines. The lieutenant loved field duty and he longed to be with one of the units.

When the commanding officer in charge of the mock battle sent for him a day or two later, the young officer was elated at the possibility of a chance to participate in the maneuver.

"Lieutenant, do you know how to draw up a field order?" the commander asked. "The chief of staff of the 'defending' force is down with malaria. I want you to take care of his job."

The tall, rangy adjutant replied without hesitation, "I think I can handle it, sir."

The lieutenant wasted no time. Although his administrative job had prevented him from keeping abreast with the maneuvers, he quickly got what information he needed from his unit commanders. Quickly digesting the complex data, the young officer issued his field order—paragraph after paragraph of detailed instruction.

Split-second, coordinated movements of troops and supplies, care and evacuation of the "wounded," these and dozens of other items were carefully spelled out, as well as alternate plans to be used in the event anything went awry.

His assigned task completed, the lieutenant regretfully returned to his headquarters desk. The orders he issued ended the maneuver in a smashing "victory" for his "side," but this gave him little comfort. Other officers had executed it, had led the troops.

It was during the inevitable "critique" that follows every simulated combat exercise that the commanding general took notice of the outstanding work the adjutant had done. "Gentlemen," he told the colonels and majors gathered about him, "I have in my hand the best plan I have ever seen for the defense of Manila." He paused to let his words sink in. "This order was dictated by an infantry lieutenant. Keep your eyes on this man. He is the greatest military genius since Stonewall Jackson. His name, gentlemen, is George C. Marshall."



Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC Radio-TV, Monday through Friday.

George Eastman coined a word that now means the best in photography

KODAK: Eyes of the World



by MORT WEISINGER

A FEW YEARS AGO, when a Pentagon VIP paid an official visit to the famed Eastman Kodak Company's photography headquarters in Rochester, New York, he was willing to bet his braid and his brass hat against a barracks bag that his mission was a hopeless one.

"Gentlemen," he apologetically told the Kodak experts, "Naval Ordnance is asking the impossible. We would like you to construct a camera which can be submerged two miles in the Atlantic Ocean, and show what happens the precise instant a torpedo is exploded at that depth!"

The Kodak men grinned and went to work. Soon they had delivered a shockproof, waterproof camera with an internal revolving mirror, capable of shooting *3,000 pictures per second*, leagues below the surface of the sea.

More recently, an oil company desired to take motion pictures in a well, three miles below ground level, to determine if it was being drilled properly. The temperature at that depth was 325 degrees F., hot enough to melt ordinary film. But the Rochester experts developed a new film with asbestos-like virtues and a special camera to house it, both of which proved highly successful. Kodak considered these photographic feats routine chores.

The truth is, camera conjury of this sort is an everyday performance for the Eastman technicians. Rabbits from the Rochester hat have been raising the world's eyebrows ever since 1888, when George Eastman introduced his "No. 1 Kodak Camera," a little black box operated by pulling a string and pressing a button.

Bolted in a rocket, a camera has pictured this globe of ours from more than 135 miles in the stratosphere. Combined with a microscope, a camera has revealed the grain structure of a slice of steel, enlarged 5,000 times; synchronized with a telescope, it has captured the light of unseen stars.

The camera is everybody's third eye. Some 27,000,000 American

families use still cameras every year. About 2,000,000 families shoot amateur home movies. Each year these non-professionals click off about one-and-three-quarters billion still photographs and endless miles of motion picture film.

In science, photography reports objectively and precisely, with an infallible memory. Ultraspeed pictures help researchers study electrical discharges. In spectroscopic analysis, photography detects, identifies and measures in minutes rather than in hours.

In industry, high-speed photography stretches split seconds into minutes and enables engineers to watch the lightning-fast fluctuations of whirling machine parts. In business, microfilming makes records of documents, preserving them for life and cutting the bulk of files 98 per cent. And during World War II, the OSS ordered special Kodak cameras as small as a matchbox for use by agents in enemy territory.

The growth of photography from a tottering infant to a fabulous industry was due to the vision and determination of George Eastman, the one-hundredth anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this month by the company he founded. Eastman made the camera a household word and practically a universal hobby. The story of his life would embarrass even Horatio Alger for its ups and downs.

Responsibilities fell on Eastman's frail shoulders in 1862 when he was eight, just a year after his family had moved to Rochester from Waterville. At 14, George went to work as an errand boy for $3 a week. A few years later he became a bookkeeper in a local bank.

Eastman discovered photography through sheer chance. He was planning a vacation and a friend suggested he take some pictures of the trip. Photography was a cumbersome business in those days. Negatives were made on wet plates, which had to be sensitized in the dark and the exposure made while the plates were dripping wet.

The camera was bulky and the photographer had to lug with him a tripod, glass and chemicals, as well as a dark tent in which to perform the chemical operations and load the plateholders. Knowing nothing of the mysteries of picture-taking, the young bank clerk paid a photographer $5 to teach him.

A bright pupil, Eastman made good pictures on his holiday. Fascinated, he became an avid photography fan and, ever alert to new developments, dry-plate experiments in England caught his atten-



tion. His mother's kitchen became his first research laboratory, where he spent off-duty hours trying to produce his own plates. After long experimentation, he concocted a formula for an emulsion which, when coated on a glass by a machine that his ingenuity had provided, made dry plates a reality.

Now the die was cast; he decided to manufacture dry plates commercially and financed the venture with $5,500—his savings from 12 years of work and from the sale of a patent on his coating machine. He continued his job at the bank, but nights found him and a helper making dry plates in a rented room. Their products were excellent and the market far exceeded the little factory's capacity.

In 1881, Eastman left his job at the bank to form the Eastman Dry Plate Company. The company sent shipments of plates to jobbers each month, but in those days photography was highly seasonal, and during the winter the jobbers' stocks accumulated. In the spring, the young company received a crushing blow. The plates on the jobbers' shelves had deteriorated and were worthless. Eastman felt obligated to take the plates back in exchange for fresh ones—and did.

Then came the second blow. The Eastman formula, for some inexplicable reason, refused to work. He no longer could make good plates, toil and experiment as he would. The factory was closed.

Those were dark days, but George Eastman refused to throw in the sponge. He went to England where he bought the formula of the best English dry plate and, to be assured of successful production, worked in the factory until he was sure he could make the same plates at home.

Then George Eastman came up with another photographic marvel. He devised a method of coating a negative emulsion on a thin rollable paper base so that the glass plates formerly required became obsolete. Next came stripping film—the paper base was coated first with a soluble gelatin, then topped with the sensitized emulsion.

As a result of these inventions, the company encountered prosperous years. It expanded its line of products to include cameras, roll holders and other accessories. Then, in 1888, came one of Eastman's greatest achievements—the Kodak camera was born and photography entered a new era. It became available to everyone.

The first Kodak was a small, oblong box and came ready loaded for 100 exposures. It sold for $25 and made round pictures, 2½ inches in diameter. When the customer had made the 100th exposure, he sent the camera back to the factory, along with $10 to cover cost of developing, printing and reloading, giving rise to the slogan that was to become a byword all over the world—"You press the button, we do the rest."

For a trademark, Eastman wanted a word easily spelled and readily pronounceable in English or a foreign tongue. "I devised the name Kodak myself," he once explained. "A trademark should be short, vigorous, incapable of being misspelled and, in order to satisfy trademark laws, it must mean nothing.

"The letter K, strong and incis-

ive, had been a favorite with me. Therefore, the word I wanted had to start with a K. Then it became a question of trying out combinations of letters that made words starting and ending with K. The word 'Kodak' was the result. It became the distinctive word for our products."

Ever a perfectionist, Eastman was not satisfied with his film, so he directed his research toward finding a thin, transparent base with all the advantages of glass but without its weight and fragility. He achieved this goal in 1889. Transparent-base film became another Eastman milestone in the accelerated march of photography.



EASTMAN

Meanwhile, the electrical wizard, Edison, was experimenting with his motion-picture camera, but was stymied because of the lack of a flexible, transparent base on which he could make what he termed "continuous pictures." Short scenes, repeating themselves, were possible with other mediums as a base, but to make a continuous picture in motion, the film was the prime essential. When Edison heard of what was being done in Rochester, he sent a man to obtain some of the film and soon was able to perfect his motion picture camera.

TODAY, EASTMAN KODAK is a $419,000,000 corporation, headed by Dr. Albert K. Chapman, president, and owned by 85,000 shareholders. Nine out of ten of the shareholders are individuals, the rest being trusts, estates, banks, universities and insurance companies. In 1952, sales of Kodak's varied products amounted to $633,669,000.

The company is scattered all over the globe. There are Kodak Houses on every continent and in more than 30 countries. The largest plant outside Rochester is Tennessee Eastman, in Kingsport, where cellulose acetate for film base, plastics, acetate rayon yarns and stable fibers are produced.

The main artery of the company's Rochester group is Kodak Park, a 400-acre city within a city which supplies films, papers, plates and chemicals. Here chemists dissolve 12 tons of silver ingots a week into silver salts for use in photo emulsions, an operation which makes Kodak rank second to the U. S. Treasury as a consumer of the precious metal. Here, too, some 20,000 employees produce so much motion-picture film that in a single day the little pieces punched out while the film is being perforated to fit sprocket wheels total a ton.

But Kodak Park is most interesting not for its large output but for its manufacturing methods. Interior areas are daily scrubbed and vacuumed to eliminate the finest dust particles; key employees must wear spotlessly white uniforms of surgical cleanliness; women workers must avoid the use of cosmetics because they might, on contact, ruin film. Here, too, much work is done in air-conditioned, darkened rooms where a single stray shaft of light could spoil thousands of dol-

lars' worth of photographic material.

A vital part of Kodak is a group of eight six-story buildings which fill two city blocks in downtown Rochester. Known as Camera Works, this project turns out a line of 37 models of cameras, slide-projectors, movie cameras and projectors. Cameras range from a small box-type, with 41 parts, to complex instruments having 1,000 parts.

At Camera Works, 5,000 employees operate 3,500 machines that perform 9,000 different kinds of mechanical steps a day in turning out 2,500,000 separate parts. Workmanship is a watchword—and standards are very high. One of every seven production employees in Camera Works is a product inspector.

The Kodak firm also has an optical nerve center appropriately named Hawk-Eye. Hawk-Eye is Kodak's answer to the erstwhile German monopoly on high-grade camera lenses.

Before World War I, most of our optical glass was imported, chiefly from Germany. And we had few, if any, photo-lens designers with the experience of those across the Atlantic. Kodak invaded this highly technical field in 1912. Today, Hawk-Eye enjoys a reputation for unexcelled lenses and allied optical goods for use in photography, industry, science and by the Armed Forces.

A tour of Hawk-Eye is a wonderland adventure. In one department you can see asbestos-clad workers removing melts of Kodak glass from the furnaces in pots made of pure platinum to avoid metallic impurities. In another section, endless rows of spindles bend and twirl with the grace of ballet dancers as technicians tend their lens-polishing chores.

One of the milestones in optical history achieved at this plant is Kodak rare-earth glass. It is made without sand, a feat comparable to producing steel without iron. The advantage of this new type of glass is that it has greater light-bending power than any other optical glass.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC museum in the 50-room Georgian Colonial house that George Eastman built is today an independent educational institution chartered by New York State. It was founded in 1947 by the Eastman Company and the University of Rochester, which inherited the building from Eastman upon his death in 1932.

Free to the public, the story of photography's past and present is told in what were formerly the living quarters of the house. In the main room downstairs, visitors can see the first experiments of men like Daguerre and the camera obscura used by Fox Talbot for sketching. The stiff, early portraits made by these pioneers stand alongside their awkward, bulky, first cameras.

On another floor is re-created the experiment of Eadweard Muybridge who, in 1878, was able to take the first successful photographs of a galloping horse—showing all four legs off the ground—by a complicated system involving 24 cameras lined up in a row, with strings attached to their shutters.

Here, too, visitors can turn the handle of an 1895 Mutoscope peep-show and view the jerky, animated stills known as the first "moving pictures." By contrast, on a floor

devoted to modern astronomical photography, visitors can see moving pictures of sun eruptions.

Eastman Kodak has often led the way to discoveries of great usefulness, sometimes in fields quite distant from photography. In studying ways to improve tropical films, a Kodak research man came up with a method that ultimately produced vitamin concentrates.

As a result of other experiments, a group of Kodak scientists found that a cellulose product they had made was useless for film but was something valuable for medicine. It is now a surgical dressing that need not be removed from a healing wound. It dissolves harmlessly into the bloodstream of the patient.

In developing color processes, Kodak scientists have found that psychology is involved. For example, tests have shown that while a shadow on snow is actually blue, the mind records it as black; and that the eye's sensitivity to degrees of color can be conditioned until one almost believes red is blue.

There is much research still to be done, but the Kodak scientists are already wondering how close they can eventually approach the perfection of that best camera of all, the human eye, which can increase its sensitivity to light thousands of times as one comes from outdoors into a dim room.



Pardon My Blooper

SOMETIMES, because of technical difficulties, a radio announcer can't always be at the best vantage point for an outdoor event. During a military parade, one radio reporter who was actually four or five blocks away from the procession, tried to convince his listeners that he was much closer. As Army tanks rumbled down the street, a trolley passed directly below him and the fellow got an inspiration.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, one of Uncle Sam's mighty General Sherman tanks is passing and I will point our mike down the street so you can hear the terrific rumbling of this piece of scientific engineering."

With the aid of the volume control on the mike, the sound of the streetcar rumbling past really sounded convincing—until the motorman tramped repeatedly on his signal bell.

ONE ANNOUNCER put it this way: "And now to conclude our program of Christmas carols, our guest star will sing 'O Come, All Ye Faithful,' by Adeste Fideles."

WHEN WALTER PIDGEON appeared for a local bond drive, he was greeted by the president of the drive, who was thrilled at meeting a movie star. The result of his excitement was the following: "Mr. Privilege, this is indeed a pigeon."

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, an announcer who perhaps had one too many, spilled out the following: "This is WJZ, New York. No other station can make that statement." —KERMIT SCHAFER, *Your Slip Is Showing*, (Grayson Publishing Corp.)

The story of an Ohio teacher who pioneered in teaching America's children

Those McGuffey Readers

by FRANK SIEDEL

IF YOUR HOUSE is the kind where souvenirs of the few really great experiences of life seem to find their way to the attic, the chances are that you can find up there, right now, a bundle of six or seven yellow-green volumes.

Probably in generations of housecleaning, these little books have almost been thrown away several times before the gentle voice of memory interceded. They will be the McGuffey *Readers*, First through Sixth, not counting the Primer.

There is now a generation which, perhaps to its loss, does not know that the *Readers* have probably had more cultural influence on Americans that any other book outside of the Bible. There are those who don't know that with 125,000,000 copies already sold, McGuffey's are the all-time American Best Seller—except for the Bible. And there are those who haven't heard the expression, "It's good enough for McGuffey, and that's good enough for me!"

When a man could buy a farm for $160 with five years to pay, William Holmes McGuffey, then two years old, settled with his Scottish mother and father in what is now the city of Warren, Ohio. He lived the hardworking life of the eldest son in a pioneer family and reached the age of 18 little schooled, except by his mother. Will McGuffey was large-boned and well-muscled, with work lines in his face; and had he not been the son of Anna Holmes McGuffey, there probably would never have been a *Reader*.

Anna McGuffey was a woman of great faith in God—and in her son. At dusk, one summer evening in 1818, the Rev. Thomas Hughes quite by accident rode close to the half-hidden McGuffey cabin. He was enrolling scholars for next year's session at Old Stone Academy. His search was for tuition-paying scholars, but unknown to him, he was about to make an exception.

As he passed he heard a woman's voice, as though in prayer. The Reverend Hughes pulled his horse to a stop.

". . . and my good husband, Alexander," the voice was saying, "has no money to afford an education for William, now 18. But if the Savior knows another way for schooling the boy, may He, in his great kindness, show it to us. The lad is worthy and he is strong and ready for the duties of life. Amen."

Hughes dismounted and walked toward the voice. "Good evening, Madam," he said.

The woman was startled. "I

From *Out of the Midwest*, by Frank Siedel. Copyright 1953, by The World Publishing Company, publishers, Cleveland, Ohio.

didn't know anyone was about," she said.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," the Reverend said quickly. "I'm Thomas Hughes, and I search for a lad, about 18, to chore his way through my school, Old Stone Academy. He must be apt at studies and at the labor which I shall require of him around the school. Do you chance to know of such a person."

No doubt, Anna McGuffey's faith became stronger in that moment. William McGuffey went to Old Stone Academy, later known as Greersburg, in Darlington, Pennsylvania.

At first, young McGuffey's ignorance was a staggering handicap. But his thirsty memory absorbed knowledge, and he was graduated in 1820 with a fine record. To help his parents, he set out to earn money by applying for a teaching job at Warren. When the board examined McGuffey to determine his fitness, the boy answered all questions perfectly, until two board members who were Yale graduates questioned him.

Their questions were on subjects which had never entered Old Stone Academy. McGuffey's application was refused. That got his Scotch blood aroused, and he resolved to go to school until he could answer anyone's questions.

By working and teaching for his tuition and board, he put himself through Washington College in Pennsylvania. Three months prior to graduation, his favorite professor, the strong-minded Doctor Wylie, sent for him.

"McGuffey," he said, "I have a letter here from my good friend, Dr. Robert H. Bishop, president of Miami University in Ohio. I'm to see that you're in Oxford in time for the fall session. You are to be professor of Latin, Greek and Hebrew."

"Me, teach at Miami?" McGuffey repeated incredulously. "Please tell him I'll come."

"Naturally you will," the professor said. "I have already informed him of your decision."

THUS IT HAPPENED that at Miami University in 1826, a tall, thoughtful, lean young man of 26, in a high silk hat and a black frock coat, rode slowly across the lifeless campus. The raw cut of his shoulders, the ruggedness of his face, spoke eloquently of his pioneer background. He was eminently qualified to teach the sons of pioneers, but he soon found that Ohio's need was not Livy or Horace or even the Bible.

The language of the frontier was a haphazard concoction of words coined from careless combinations of French, German, Scotch, British-English, Eastern twang and Southern drawl. What few schoolbooks existed had been designed by Bos-



ton schoolmasters for the gifted and the rich. The frontier needed a new literature, and McGuffey set out to supply it.

His First and Second *Readers* set the pattern. Where the austere New England *Primer* and its sister texts made little tots shudder through such gloomy and severe philosophies, in their recitations, as:

Give ear my children to my words,
Build not your house too high.
But always have before your eye,
That you were born to die.

McGuffey's Reader taught a gentler lesson, with perhaps a more practical moral:

The lark is up to meet the sun,
The bee is on the wing;
The ant its labor has begun,
The woods with music ring.

In his Fourth, Fifth and Sixth *Readers*, McGuffey introduced Western children to the world's great literature, not with the flourish that demanded reverence and respect; but gently, by citing various passages with the names of the people from whom he quoted. The names happened to be those of men like Shakespeare, Disraeli, Dickens, Milton, and Wordsworth. So deft was the selection that the passages never failed to capture the imaginations of readers.

The McGuffey books were storehouses of fables, mottoes, proverbs and quotations. They taught a stern code of honor, the Golden Rule and the rewards of virtue, industry and honesty.

The people made McGuffey a kind of Yankee Confucius. They took the titles from his stories and raised their children with them. Thus, maxims such as these became part of the national heritage:

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

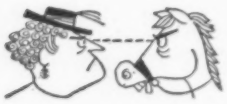
"Waste not, want not."

"Look before you leap."

"Where there's a will there's a way."

McGuffey moved from Miami University to the presidency of Cincinnati College in 1836, and to the presidency of Ohio University at Athens in 1839. But he never left off revising and improving his *Readers*. His distinguished career as author and educator ended with his death in 1873.

The central panel of the monument we shall build some day will call attention to the fact that probably no man in history has had such a vital influence in shaping the destiny of this nation as William Holmes McGuffey, who stuffed education into a saddlebag and carried it out to meet the needs of the people.

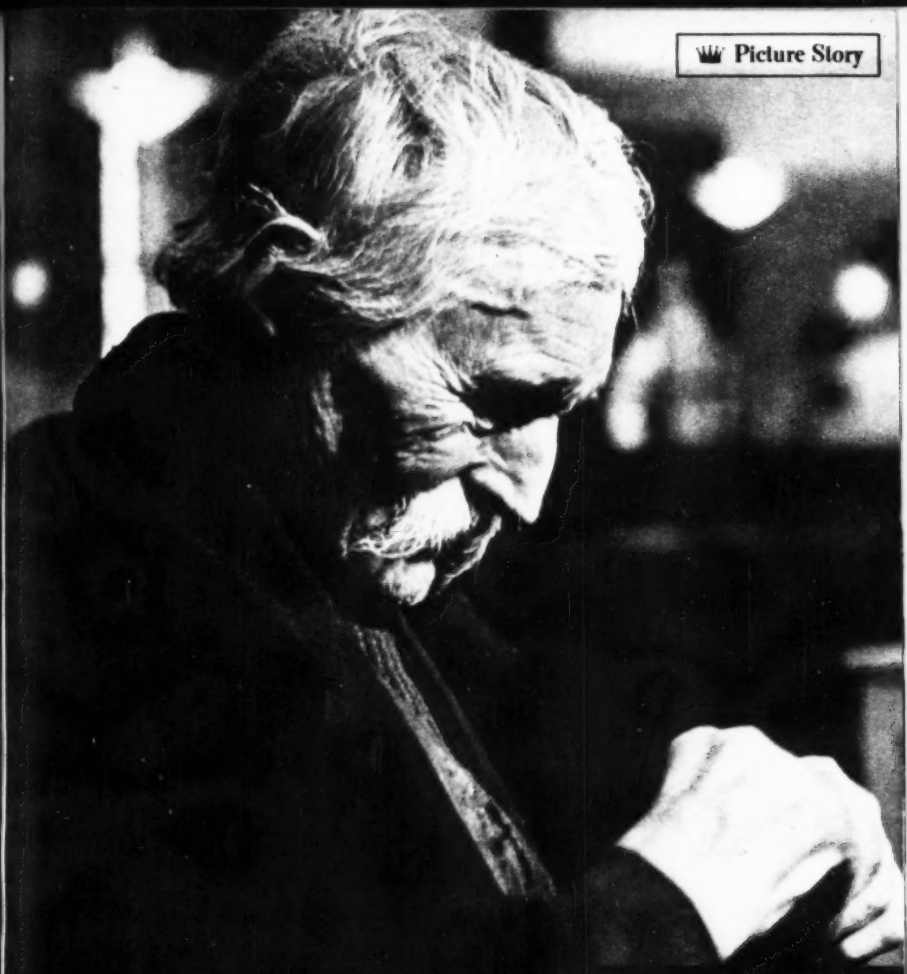


Tolerably Right

A MAN WANTED to buy a riding horse for his wife and was trying one out. Noticing that the horse required a firm hand and constant watching, he asked warily: "Is this a suitable horse for a woman?"

The owner of the horse, a tolerably honest man, answered carefully: "Well, I think a woman could handle the horse—but I wouldn't want to be the husband of that woman!" —*Expanding Circle*



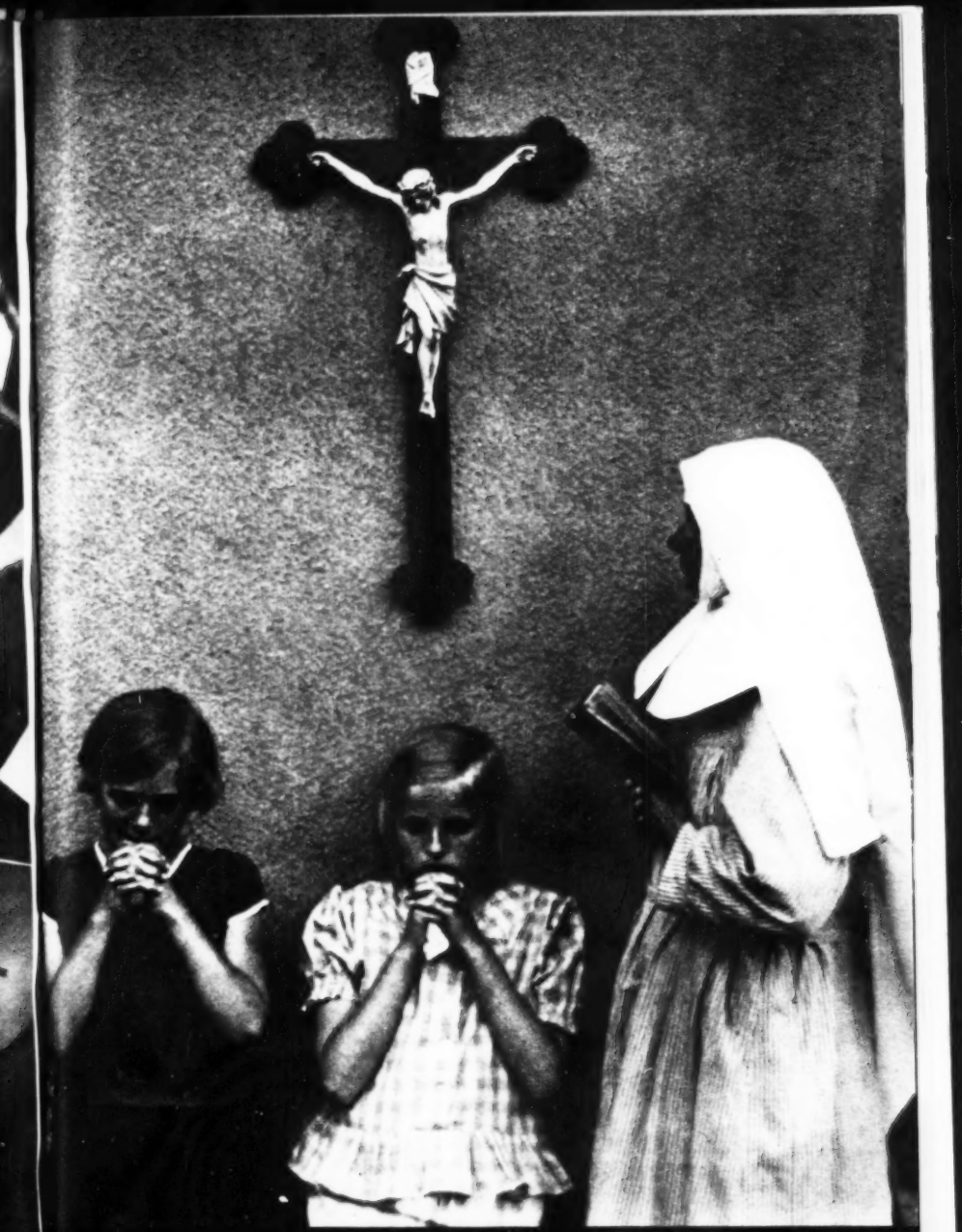


God Lives In Our House

WE BUILT OUR HOUSE on the plains, and the wheat grew there. We laid railroads across the mountains, and cities of stone rose on the seacoasts and by the rivers and lakes. We thanked God for the help He had given us, and the strength. But the house is built now, finished, and there are those who say that we have locked God out, that we no longer heed when He speaks. They are mistaken. He is the foundation on which our house is built, the mortar that keeps it strong. All who live in that house are His children, and we know that only so long as God shares it, only so long will our house stand.



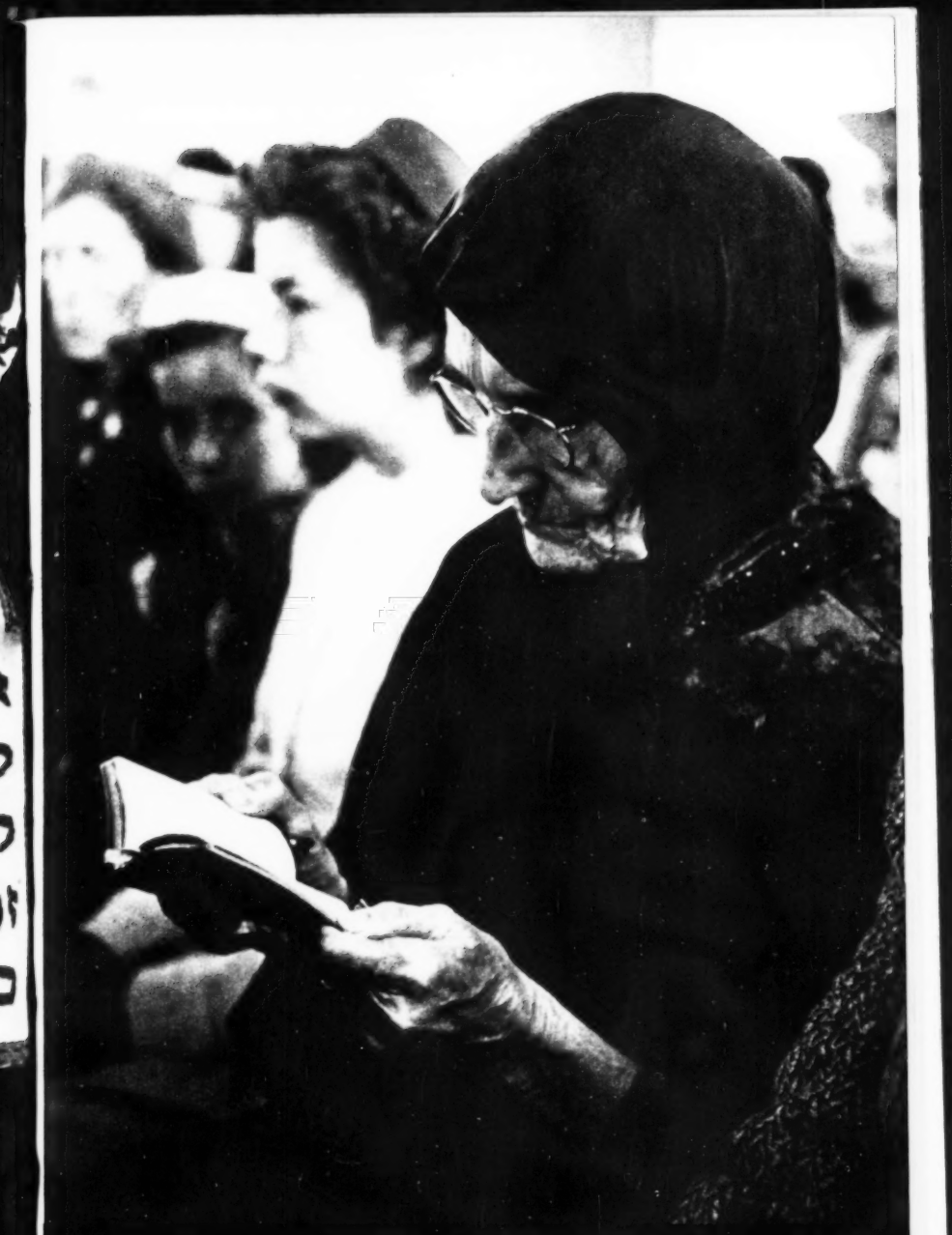
Faith shines in the eyes of our youth. Inspired neither by fear nor by rote, their faith rests in the conviction that God is a friend, understanding and kind—a source of light when the world is dark.



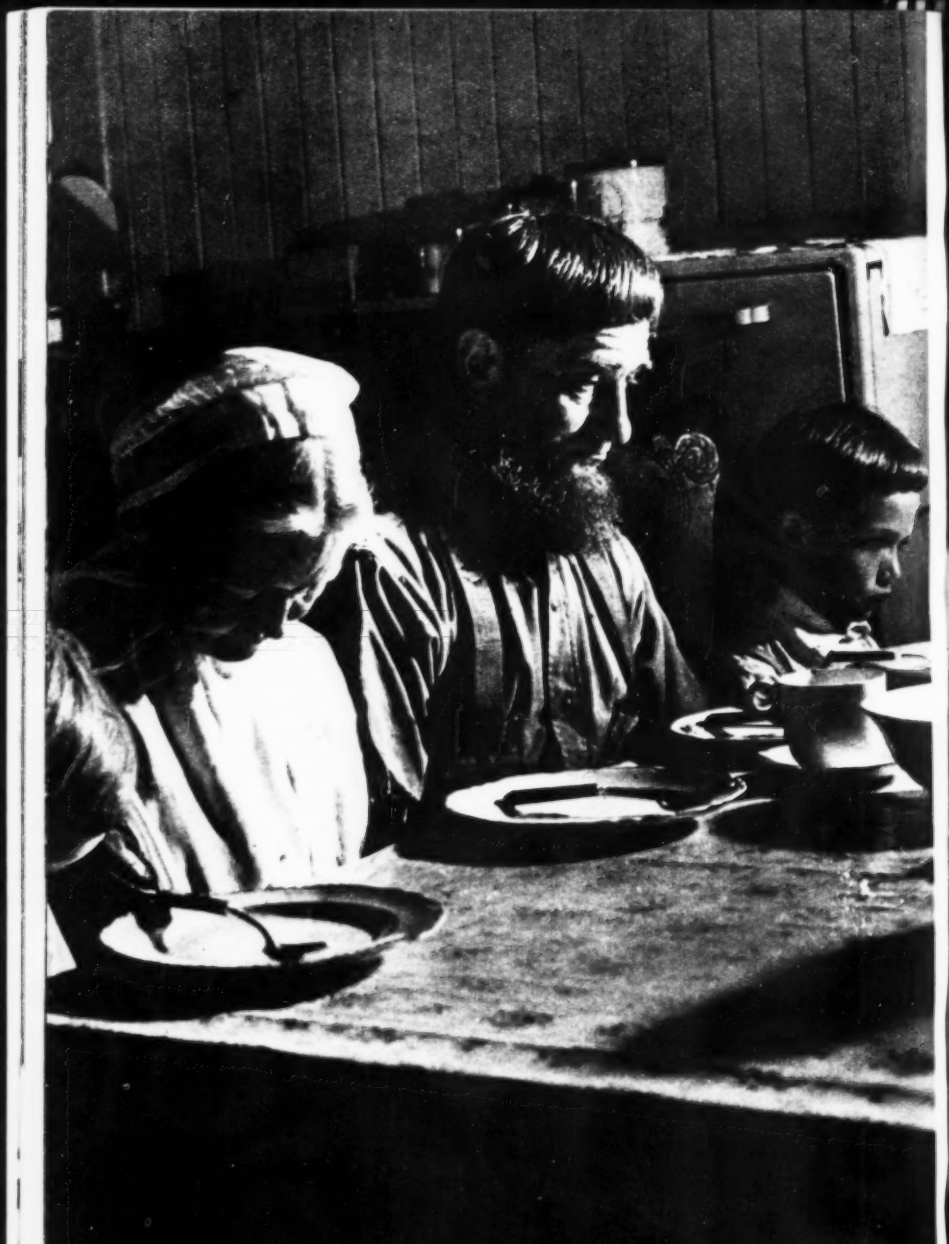
Abiding by a liturgy and sacraments hallowed by 2,000 years of worship, the 30,000,000 Roman Catholics in our house live and work alongside Americans of every creed, since faith is universal.



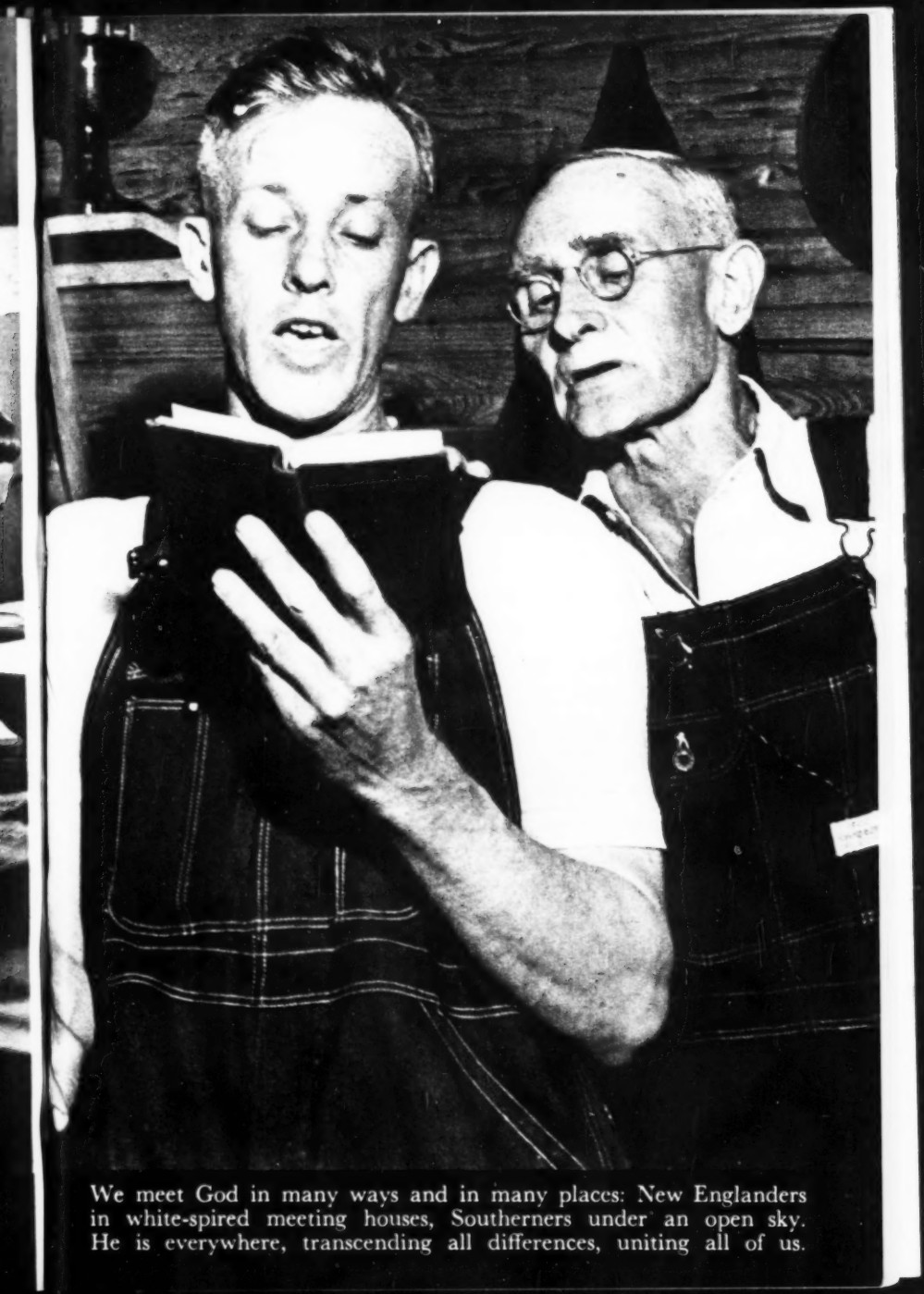
The holy days of the Jews are based on an ancient history; the eight candles of Chanukkah symbolize victory in the war on polytheism. For Israel's children believe that "The Lord is our God, the Lord is One."



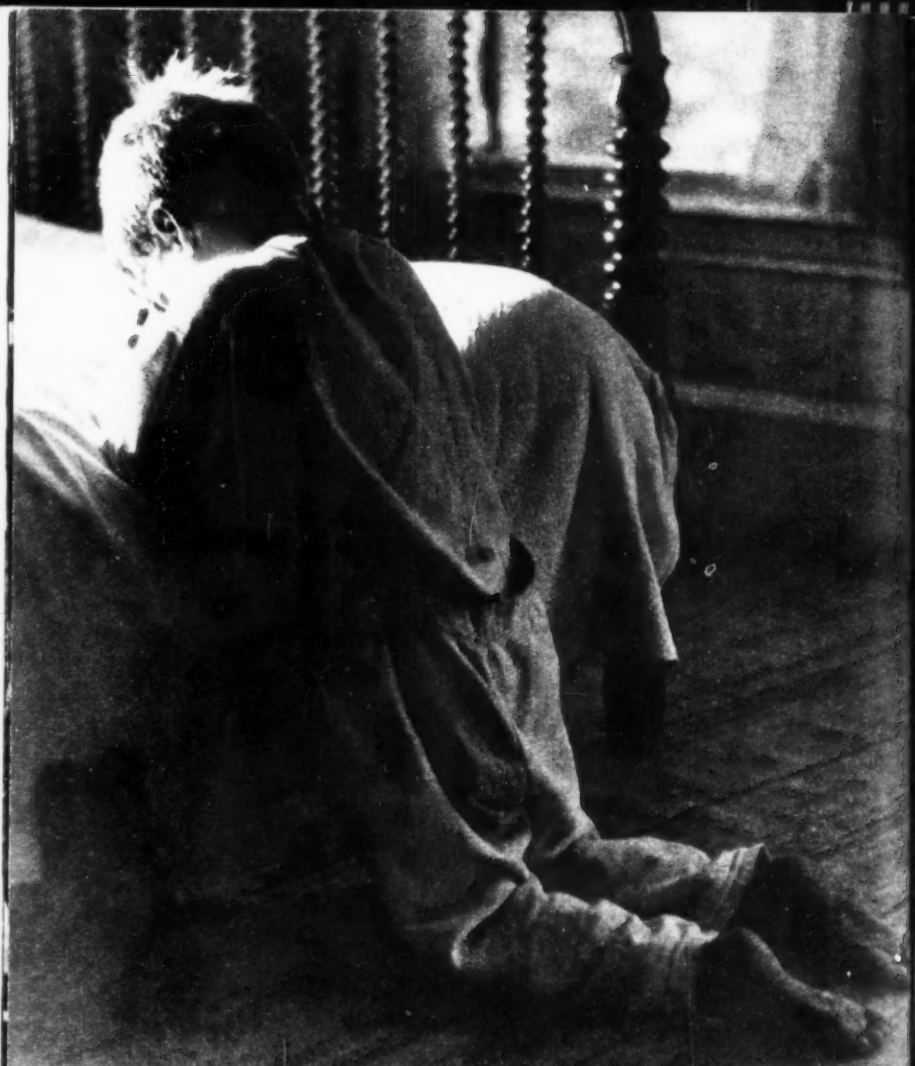
There are those among us who have lived a lifetime in the service of God. Their hands are worn with toil, their faces lined. Serene in their hearts is the certainty that the embrace of God is eternal.



Many are the children of our house, and many their ways of worship. Some, like the Mennonites, with the literal word of God between themselves and the world, live in tranquil isolation and eternal piety.



We meet God in many ways and in many places: New Englanders in white-spired meeting houses, Southerners under an open sky. He is everywhere, transcending all differences, uniting all of us.



For God built the house we live in. He put courage in the hearts of our fathers, strength in their hands. For all the days ahead, the children of our house pray to God for the same courage, the same strength.



A joke may earn its own laughs, but much depends on the way it is told

HOW WOULD YOU TELL IT?

by WALTER A. LOWEN



HAVE YOU EVER TOLD a funny story and then sat back to enjoy the laughter, only to have someone break in with, "I've heard that one before—but the way *I* heard it was . . . ."?

This is usually what happens with all jokes or funny stories. None is new, and most are centuries old, their origins unknown. They merely change their dress to fit the times.

All you can hope for when you tell a story is that the way *you* tell it will be funnier than the other fellow's. Here are two I like to tell—and this is the way I tell them:

A MAN RIDING on a crowded Manhattan subway felt a hand lightly reach into his pocket. Quickly he grasped the hand and whirled around to confront an attractive young lady.

"You've got some nerve trying to pick my pocket," he said. "I'm considered the smartest pickpocket in New York!"

"Well," she replied, "I've just come from Chicago, where I'm considered the best pickpocket. But I guess I've got a lot to learn."

Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, their friendship into love—and so they were married. In due course a son was born, but to their horror, the baby's right fist was tightly closed. How, the couple wondered, could he grow up to follow their profession?

Doctor after doctor examined the baby, but although he was perfectly healthy otherwise, they could do nothing to open the clenched fist. Finally the couple decided to take their son to a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist examined the baby carefully and then dangled his watch on its chain in front of him.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Very slowly the child reached out its little fist to grasp the watch. Slowly—oh, so slowly—his fist opened, and there, in the child's palm, lay the midwife's wedding ring!

A MAN WHO HAD LOST his last cent at the racetrack found himself in a woeful predicament. An urgent call of nature turned his steps to a near-

by comfort station. To his dismay, he found it was equipped only with pay booths.

Reduced to the embarrassment of borrowing a dime, he went outside and reluctantly accosted a well-dressed stranger, who listened to his story and handed over a dime. The man hurried to the booth and was ready to insert the dime in the slot when the door opened. The emerging gentleman smiled and courteously held the door open for the man to enter.

When he came out, the man looked around to see if he could find the stranger who had given him the dime, but he was nowhere to be found. Noticing a slot machine in a corner, it occurred to the man that his luck might have changed. So he went over, inserted the dime and pulled the handle. Three dimes came out.

He inserted another dime and five dimes appeared. He inserted another dime and this time he hit the jack pot. More than $5 came tumbling out.

Now, feeling he could not lose, the man returned to the racetrack and asked the bookie for the name of the horse paying the biggest odds. It was a 22 to 1 shot and he placed the $5 on it. The horse came in first—and he won over $100.

Next day, while reading the paper, he noticed a coincidence. A new stock was being offered at $1 a share, which bore the same name as his winning horse. The man phoned a broker and asked him to buy 100 shares. The broker protested that it was the most speculative issue in years and the man must be crazy. He quietly insisted, so the broker gave in.

The stock promptly began to climb. Before the year was up, it paid a handsome dividend and split 2 for 1. Next year it continued to climb and split 3 for 1.

Years later, when the man had worked his lucky dime into a million dollars, he was telling his amazing success story to a friend. "There is just one thing that has troubled me all these years," he commented.

"I bet I know what it is," his friend replied. "You have wished time and time again that you could meet the man who gave you that dime."

"No," the man said quickly. "I'd just love to meet the man who held the door open."



Where Are You?

(Answers to quiz on page 39)

1. Detroit, Mich. 2. San Francisco, Calif. 3. New York City, N. Y. 4. Louisville, Ky. 5. St. Augustine, Fla. 6. New Orleans, La. 7. Reno, Nevada. 8. Boston, Mass. 9. Concord, Mass. 10. San Antonio, Texas. 11. New Haven, Conn. 12. Chicago, Ill.

One of the world's greatest golfers tells the inspiring story of . . .

MY CHAMPION CADDY

by GENE SARAZEN

THE STORY OF THE 1932 British Open actually begins in 1928 when I made a crossing to Europe with Walter Hagen. One evening in the smoking room of the *Berengaria*, our conversation turned to the approaching Open.

"That's one title I want, Walter," I confided to the man who had won that championship in 1922 and 1924. "I've invested thousands of dollars coming over and I'll probably go right on doing it until I win that title—or get too old to play."

Walter smiled. "Gene, you can never win the Open unless you have a caddy like the ones I've had. I'll loan you my caddy, Skip Daniels. He's an old fellow and caddies only for someone special, like the Prince of Wales or Walter Hagen. Skip expects to caddy for me at Sandwich this year, but I think I can arrange it with him to caddy for you instead."

I felt great. I knew how important a caddy can be in winning any championship, especially to a stranger on a foreign course.

When I arrived at Sandwich, the caddymaster introduced me to Daniels near the pro shop. Skip tipped his cap, and if he felt heartbroken at learning he wouldn't be working with Hagen, he



From *Thirty Years of Championship Golf*, by Gene Sarazen with Herbert Warren Wind. Copyright, 1950, by Prentice-Hall, Inc., publishers.

didn't show it for a minute.

He was around 60, old even for a professional British caddy. He wore a weather-beaten cap, a celluloid collar and a suit that had never been pressed. I fell in love with him at first sight.



Daniels had a wonderful effect on me during the ten days of intensive practice we put in. He had an enthusiasm I had rarely observed in caddies a third his age. He limped slightly, but after I had hit out a batch of balls, he would trot down the practice ground to retrieve them. He knew instinctively how to inspire his man with confidence.

"I've never seen Hagen hit the shots as well as you're hitting them, sir," he would say after an afternoon's workout.

He did much more than carry his player's bag. He could tell you what you were doing wrong with a shot, and he'd tell it to you in a very nice way. In the evenings after dinner, we would stroll out on the course with a putter and a dozen balls and practice on the greens. Daniels would point out the places he had patrolled against enemy invasion during World War I. He knew every blade of grass along that stretch of Kentish coast. He had lived in the bunkers and knew them like home.

Daniels and I had become very close friends by the eve of the championship. I knew I couldn't go wrong: he kept buoying my confidence with his own confidence in my ability to win.

Daniels and I played a heady first round of 72. We were moving at the same sanguine pace the second day, when I pulled my drive on the 14th into the rough. This hole, a par 5, is called Suez Canal because of the deep ditch that traverses the fairway some 70 yards before the green. I looked over my lie in the rough and concluded I could carry it if I cracked a good wood out of the rough. Daniels shook his head. He tapped the mashie with his finger, and his manner was positive.

"But, Dan, if I can get a birdie here," I explained, "I can lead the field."

"This is no time to lead the field," Dan answered. "Tomorrow night is when you want to be in front, sir."

"No, I'm going for it, Dan," I said stubbornly and yanked my spoon out. Giving Daniels no chance to cool me off, I lashed quickly with my spoon. I finally ended up with a 7 on the hole.

I could see from Dan's eyes that he was heartbroken. I had disregarded his advice to play a mashie. Dan tried to cheer me up as we started down the 15th—"We can make that up, Mr. Sarazen"—but I knew those were hollow words and what he was really saying to himself was: "That's why Hagen beats this fellow."

Dan got me settled down and I finished the round in 76. He kept me going the following day. A 73 on the third round put me only one stroke behind the leader, Hagen. I felt confident at luncheon between the third and final rounds that I was playing well enough to overtake Walter.

According to Daniels, I was Hag-

en's last serious challenger. Walter visited at least seven traps on his last round and still scored a 72. I stayed with regulation figures until I reached the 69th, but when I slipped a stroke over par on that hole, Walter had his third British Open tucked away.

The difference between our totals, 292 and 294, was due to my boneheaded refusal to heed Daniels' advice on the Suez Canal. I admitted this to Dan as we were saying goodbye after the presentation ceremony.

There were tears in Dan's eyes when he answered, "We'll try it again, sir, won't we? Before I die, I'm going to win an Open Championship for you, Mr. Sarazen."

IN 1932, THE OPEN was to be held on the links of the Prince's Club in Sandwich, next door to the Royal St. George course where I had lost and Hagen had won in 1928.

When I arrived in London, a friend persuaded me to play a practice round at Stoke Poges next day. At Stoke Poges, a young caddy—he was about 27, a stripling among British caddies—grabbed my bag. We whistled around the course in an easy 67.

"I'm going to caddy for you in the Open," the young man informed me. "I'm just the caddy you need, Mr. Sarazen."

"You're a very smart caddy," I told him, "but I've already got Skip Daniels."

"Oh, I know Daniels. He must be around 65 now—too old to carry this bag," the young caddy said. "His eyesight is gone. On top of that, I've heard he's been ill. Why don't you let me caddy for you at Prince's? The way you played today, you can't miss."

He had something there. That 67 had been as solid a round as I had ever played in England. I told him to meet me at Prince's.

After a few days in London, I went to Prince's to practice. The first person I met at the gate was Daniels. He was overjoyed to see me. But I could see that the last four years had taken a severe toll. He had become a very old man. His speech was slower. The shaggy mustache was much grayer, his limp much more obvious. And his eyes didn't look good.

"Where's your bag, sir?" Daniels asked, hopping spryly toward my automobile.

I knew I couldn't put it off any longer.

"Dan," I said, "this bag is too heavy for you. You've been in bad health, and I wouldn't want you to go 72 holes with it."

Dan straightened up. "Righto, sir, if you feel that way about it." There was great dignity in the way he spoke, but you couldn't miss the emotion in his voice.

"I'm sorry, Dan," I said, and walked away. I attempted to justify what I had done by reminding myself that business was business, and I couldn't afford to let personal feelings interfere with my determination to win the British Open. But it didn't help much.

I was a hot favorite to win. But the experts, during the week of practice, saw my game decline and fall apart. The young caddy from Stoke Poges did not suit me at all. He would never talk a shot over with me, just pull a club out of the bag as if he were above making a

mistake. When I'd find myself ten yards short of the green after playing the club he had selected, he'd counter my criticism by declaring dogmatically, "I don't think you hit that shot well."

Something was also hurting me inside. I saw Daniels in the galleries during tune-up week. He had refused to caddy for any other golfer. He'd switch his eyes away from mine whenever our glances met and shuffle off to watch some other player.

The qualifying round was only two days off when Lord Innes came to my hotel on a surprise visit. "I have a message for you," he said with a nervous formality. "I was talking with Skip Daniels today. He's heartbroken, you know. It's clear to him, as it's clear to all your friends, that you're not getting along with your caddy. Daniels thinks he can straighten you out before the bell rings."

I told his Lordship that I'd been thinking the same myself. "Then, if it's all right with you," Lord Innes said, "I'll instruct Daniels to meet you here tomorrow morning."

Dan was on the hotel steps next morning. We shook hands and smiled at each other. "I am so glad we're going to be together," old Dan said.

Promptly we went to work. It was miraculous how my game responded to his handling. On our first round I began to hit the ball again. I broke par as Dan nursed me through our afternoon round. We spent the hour before dinner practicing.

"My, but you've improved a lot since 1928!" Dan told me as he replaced my clubs in the bag. "You're much straighter, sir. You're always on line now."

"We can win this championship, you and I," I said, "if we do just one thing. Remember that 7 at the Suez Canal?"

"Do I!" Dan put his hand over his eyes.

"In this tournament, we've got to make sure that if we go over par on a hole, we go no more than one over par. If we can avoid taking another disastrous 7, I don't see how we can lose. You won't find me going against your advice this time."

The qualifying field played one round on St. George's and one on Prince's. There isn't much to say about my play on the first day at Prince's. I had a 73, one under par. However, I shall never forget the morning of the second qualifying round.

A terrific gale was blowing off the North Sea. I looked out of the window: the wind was whipping the sand out of the bunkers and bending the flags. Then I saw a figure in black, crouched over against the wind, pushing his way from green to green. It was Daniels. He was diagramming the positions of the pins so that I would know exactly how to play my approaches.

I qualified among the leaders. You have to play well when you're partnered with a champion.

The night before the Open, the odds on my winning, which had soared to 25-1 during my slump, dropped to 6-1. Next morning, the wind had died down to an agreeable breeze, and Daniels and I attacked from the very first hole. My 70 put me a shot in front of

Gentleman Farmer Who Still Plays Golf

In 35 years of competition, Gene Sarazen has played over 8,000 rounds of golf. He holds four major professional titles: the American Open (which he won twice), the British Open, the PGA (three times) and the Masters Tournaments. Often called "The Peter Pan of Golf," Sarazen fell in love with the game when he started caddying, at eight, at a country club. Born of Italian parents in Harrison, New York, he won two of the major championships when he was only twenty.

Now 52, Sarazen lives on 300 acres in Germantown, New York, with his wife Mary and their two children, Mary and Gene, Jr., raising fruit, vegetables and Black Angus cattle. He takes pride in his old-fashioned swimming hole and tall cherry trees. He has owned three farms since 1933, when he first decided to become a farmer as well as professional golfer. Gene continues to play golf in tournaments throughout the country because, he says, "I could never be happy away from it."

three players who stood even with 71.

On the second day, I tied the course record with a 69. I don't know how much Dan's old eyes could perceive at a distance, but he called the shots flawlessly by instinct.

The last day now—the last two rounds. I teed off in the morning at 9 o'clock. Three orthodox pars. A grand drive on the 4th, and then my first moment of anguish: I hit my approach on the socket. Daniels did not give me a second to brood.

"I don't think we'll need that club again, sir," he said matter-of-factly.

I completed the round in 70, four under. With 18 more to go, the only man who had a chance to catch me was Arthur Havers, who stood five strokes behind.

If the pressure of the tournament was telling on Dan, he didn't show it. I found him at the tee after lunch, raring to wrap up the championship. We got off to an auspicious start on that final round—par, birdie, par, par.

On the 5th I went one over, shook it off with a par on the 6th, but when I missed my 4 on the 7th, I began to worry about possible errors. This is the sure sign that a golfer is tiring.

The 8th loomed ahead and I was wondering if that penalizing hole would catch up with me this time. I drove well, my ball finishing a few feet short of the spot from which I had played a spoon in the morning. Daniels took time in weighing the situation and then drew the spoon from the bag.

I rode into the ball compactly and breathed a sigh of relief as I saw it clear the bunkers with yards to spare. "That's how to play golf, sir," Daniels said, winking an eye approvingly.

I holed the putt for my second eagle in a row on the hole and turned in 35, after a standard par on the 9th.

Only nine more now and I had it. One over on the 10th. Nothing to fret about. Par. Par. Par. A birdie on the 14th. Almost home

now. One over on the 15th. One over on the 16th, a fluffed chip. Daniels slowed me down on the 17th tee.

"We're going to win this championship, sir. I have no worries on that score. But let's make our pars on these last two holes. You always play them well."

A par on the 17th. On the 18th a good drive into the wind, a brassie right onto the green, down in two for a birdie. 35-39—74, even par. There was no challenge to my total of 283. MacSmith, the runner-up, was five shots higher, and Havers, who had needed a 76 on his last round, was a stroke behind Mac.

Feeling like a million pounds and a million dollars, respectively, Daniels and I sat down near the first tee and congratulated each other on a job well done. Our score of 283—70, 69, 70, 74—was 13 under par on a truly championship course, clipping two strokes off the old record in the Open—Bob Jones' 285 at St. Andrews in 1927.

When the officials told me they were ready for presentation ceremonies at the clubhouse, I asked if Daniels could stand beside me as I received the trophy, since it had really been a team victory. They regretted to have to turn down a request they could sympathize with, but it was against tradition.

I scanned the crowd before the clubhouse, looking for Dan so that I could at least take him down front. I couldn't find him. Then, just as the officials were getting impatient, I spotted Dan coming down the drive on his bicycle, carrying a grandson on each handlebar.

After the ceremony, the team of Daniels and Sarazen got together for a tearful goodbye. I gave Dan my polo coat and told him I'd be looking for him next year at St. Andrews. I waved to him as he pedaled happily down the drive, the coat flapping in the breeze, and there was a lump in my throat as I thought of how the old fellow had made good his vow to win a championship for me before he died.

It was the last time I saw Dan. A few months later English friends wrote that he had passed away. They said that after the Open he had worn the polo coat continually, even inside the pubs, as he told the golf fans of three generations the story of how "Sarazen and I did it at Prince's."

When old Dan died, the world was poorer by one champion.

Various Views on Motoring



NO MATTER HOW roomy they make the new cars, all the passengers still try to occupy the driver's seat. —LILY SANDROF

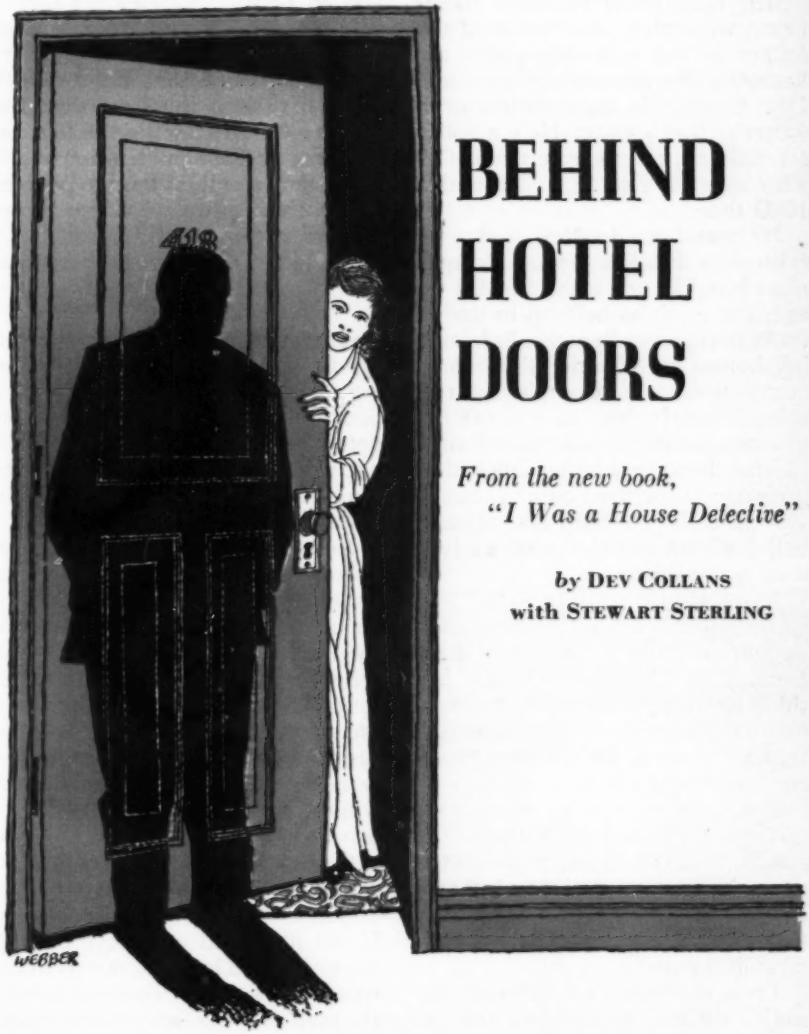
NOTHING CONFUSES a man more than to drive behind a woman who does everything right.—Sioux Rapids (Iowa) *Bulletin Press*

NOTHING GOES as fast as the last 2,000 miles on an automobile tire.
—*Wall Street Journal*

IF YOUR SPEEDOMETER shows more than 50 miles an hour, you're not driving your car, you're aiming it. —LARRY WOLTERS (*Chicago Tribune*)

Book Condensation

A house detective tells what happens . . .



BEHIND HOTEL DOORS

From the new book,
"I Was a House Detective"

by DEV COLLANS
with STEWART STERLING

From *I Was a House Detective* by Dev Collans with Stewart Sterling. Copyright 1954 by Stewart Sterling and published at $3 by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Behind Hotel Doors

LAWS of libel being what they are —and the sexual shenanigans which take place in hotel rooms being what they are—some of the names in the following pages are fictitious. But none of the facts are. Dev Collans is no creation of a writer's imagination. He's a solid-set, balding, calm-eyed citizen of 59 who wears a size 18 collar and a 10-D shoe.

He was born in New Jersey of Irish and English stock. He quit school at 13 and, being big for his age, got a job as bellhop in one of those overgrown Boardwalk boarding houses in Atlantic City, where conventioneers' week-ends might be conveniently lost or casual romances brought to a discreet climax.

After five years he was picked to understudy for the house officer. A year later he gave up his tips and bell-hop's uniform to become a full-time house officer.

As of today he lives in a Long Island suburb, has a wife seven years younger than he is and a son of 26. Because in his retirement the last thing he wants is notoriety, I wholeheartedly agreed when he suggested that we conceal his identity under the *nom d'hôtel* Devlin Collans.

But there were other reasons for not revealing names of the hotels and individuals. Some of the hotels have changed hands; it would hardly be fair to present managements to refer to the lurid pasts of their establishments.

From the writer's standpoint, the major difficulty in getting this inside story of philanderers and prowl teams, of keyworkers and C-girls, of walk-in men and walk-up ladies, was in persuading Dev his recital would serve a useful purpose. Not until I'd convinced him that by making it clear that the Security Staff in every hotel of standing knows all the angles thoroughly, did he agree that the publication of the *modus operandi* might tend to prevent rather than stimulate crime in the vertical cities we call hotels.

—STEWART STERLING

♛ ♛ ♛

BELLHOPPING IN A BIG RESORT hotel was the best possible training for a young man who was going to spend most of his life as a house detective. My five years on the bell captain's staff in Atlantic City taught me about a lot of things. Including women.

I expect that at 18 I had at least normal curiosity about sex; there couldn't have been many places better calculated to satisfy that curiosity than a 400-room hotel. From other bellboys I learned methods for telling whether a man and woman were lawfully wedded or not. Married couples, for example, never hesitated to open their suitcases while I was still in the room, but unwed parties would never do this.

Clothes told a lot. Honeymooners would generally wear new dresses and new suits, especially new shoes. If the man had expensive clothes, the girl would be fitted out stylishly, too. But if a couple checked in with the man wearing fancy tailor-mades while the girl's shoes were a bit run-

down at the heels, I put them down as not legally bonded.

A couple who phoned for liquor the minute they hit the room were marked as not being legally hitched. Any married woman on vacation would have preferred to go out and see the town, rather than stay in her room and sip a highball.

But what I began to learn about women puzzled me. Never did one of those girls whom I fancied as "immoral" give me any occasion to think I might make amorous headway. On the other hand, the number of obviously married women who made more or less open advances was astonishing. If it hadn't been for the strict regulations laid down by the Front Office, I'd probably have gotten myself in real trouble every weekend.

Meantime, I was learning other things. Especially to size up guests by their appearance, speech, jewelry, mannerisms and luggage.

It wasn't long before I could make a pretty fair estimate of the contents of suitcases while lifting them. A well-packed bag filled with clothing and nightwear has a heft no weighting with books or bricks can duplicate. We had comparatively few overnight guests, so we weren't bothered much by the class of patron who would load a newly bought bag with phone directories to make it look as if they were legitimate travelers.

Some of the other points I picked up were, to mention only a few:

Guests with new or expensive luggage tipped more than those with battered baggage. Single men were always better tippers than married men. Single women worse tippers than married women. Men with fraternal rings or lapel pins were always generous. Younger men were invariably more so than elderly ones.

Bellboys are expected to report to the management such things as firearms in a guest's luggage, or large sums in new bills, suggesting the possibility of counterfeit money. It was because I spotted a revolver in a suitcase that I got my start as an assistant house officer.

The woman was in her sixties but didn't seem sufficiently well-to-do to require a pistol for protection against robbers. While she was in the dining room, our house officer went up and extracted the cartridges from the gun. Later he managed to get into conversation with her and found she planned to kill herself. She was convinced she was suffering from an incurable cancer.

The house doctor was called in. He was a sympathetic soul and proved that her fears were groundless; she had a painful but quite curable stomach ailment.

The house officer didn't bother





to put the cartridges back, but he did come around to give me a pat on the back . . . and an offer to act in his place on his off-days. I jumped at the chance. And that's how I started my career as a house detective and, later, landed a job in a New York hotel.

When I started as a house officer in a metropolitan hotel, I had great hopes of developing what I'd heard called "the camera eye"—the ability to remember countless faces and to recognize them after a long interval. It didn't take me more than a couple of months to discover that this ability simply doesn't exist.

In some hotels at which I've been employed over a 40-year period, as many as 10,000 people would move in and out every day. No human being can make mental notations about the characteristics of more than 3,500,000 people every year.

Those desk clerks who "never forget a face," the "greeters" who recall the guest's name though he hasn't stopped at the hotel in years, have trained their memories to a fine point by concentrating on a certain class of transients. Usually business executives; one-third of all the people in the average hotel will be businessmen between 30 and 50.

Plainclothes men who can spot a pickpocket in a crowd, years after first seeing him in a police lineup, work the same way. They concentrate on a relatively small group.

I learned to do this—where hotel crooks were concerned—though I never got to the point of really being sure of the identities of certain customers. The answer was to pay more attention to peoples' mannerisms than to their ear lobes or jawbones. The way they walked,

moved, gestured; their attitudes at the desk, the lobby, at bars.

The importance of observing mannerisms comes in connection with people who aren't criminals at all, but who may, nevertheless, be trying to put one over on the hotel.

The real problems were the female of the species—the Legits and the Illegits. There was, for instance, the nasty-tempered Legit in 712.

I saw her first at 1 o'clock on a snowy morning in January. She came into the lobby alone, smartly dressed, with cheeks rosy from the cold and a sparkle in her eyes. She marched straight toward the elevators as if she'd used them often.

I couldn't place her, but that didn't mean much because we staggered our tours of duty in the Security Office and I'd come on at 8 o'clock. But two things about her caught my eye. She had only a small evening bag, and she didn't go near the desk to ask if there had been any mail or phone calls.

A well-gotten-up woman like that will generally, if she is in the hotel alone, be anxious about messages. So I guessed she wasn't soloing. But if she'd been out that late, why hadn't her husband been with her? I thought perhaps he had been.

When the elevator came down to the lobby again, I glanced at the operator, cupping my hand behind my ear as if to listen to someone at a distance. He stuck up two white-gloved fingers of one hand and held the other hand up with all fingers extended.

At the desk I asked the clerk to let me know if there'd been any P.I.A.'s on the seventh. He said a Mr. P—— from Larchmont, N. Y., had checked into 712 at 12:45 A.M. with no luggage . . . and had Paid In Advance.

Most people have the idea that paying for a room in advance insures their being considered respectable. Quite the contrary. . . .

I picked up the house phone, asked the operator to check with the other girl then on duty to see if any call had come in within the past hour for a Mr. P——, without the caller specifying the room number. Happened she'd taken the call herself ten minutes before. It had been from a pay station; she had heard the coin bell. The caller had been a woman.

I was reasonably sure I knew what had happened. Mr. and Mrs. P—— had come to the city from the suburb in which they lived, to have a night out on the town. Probably they had missed the last train home and had decided to stay in town overnight.

But by this time, I figured they had spent more money than intended. The idea of forking over $9 for a double when they might get away with paying only for a single had occurred to them, just as if they'd been the first couple in the world to scheme up such a smart idea.

So Mr. P—— had probably come in by himself, registered as a single, gone upstairs, having paid in advance because he had no luggage (though any good hotel will take the word of a well-dressed guest of substantial appearance as to meeting his bill on the morrow—providing he's alone). Mr. P—— had given himself away, as so many do, by a guilty conscience . . . .

A little while after he had registered, Mrs. P—— had called from a drugstore a block away and he

had told her what room he had. When I knocked at 712, Mr. P—— seemed startled, asked me to wait a minute. On his opening the door, there was no visible evidence of Mrs. P——, but the bathroom door was closed . . . unusual in a room occupied by a man alone.

I explained apologetically that females were forbidden in the rooms of male guests. He had gotten over his surprise by then; didn't make any attempt to deny she was there. But he said the lady was his wife and certainly had a perfect right to be there. She had been in town, missed her train, knew he would be staying at our hotel, had unexpectedly come on up to stay with him. Anything wrong with that?

The assistant manager who was with me explained the only thing wrong was the little matter of $4 additional when the room was occupied by two. Ordinarily a Legit's husband would have reached for his wallet, the assistant manager would have produced a joiner for signature, and that would have been the end of it. But finding their plan for saving a few dollars frustrated, Mrs. P—— rushed out of the bathroom, spitting fire.



She resented our insinuations that her husband had been intending to cheat the hotel. He had been planning to pay her additional share when they checked out in the morning. Though Mr. P—— tried to calm her, she went into a tirade about suing the hotel for some astronomical figure.

It took a few minutes to set her straight. At no time, I explained, had there been any suggestion she wasn't Mr. P——'s lawful wife. The assistant manager was witness to that. Moreover, if she was under the illusion that people could collect damages from hotels because of fancied insults, she was wrong.

Probably she had heard some of those fables about the couple who settled out of court for $50,000 or $25,000 (the figures are always attractively high) because some dumb house detective made the mistake of suggesting that a woman wasn't really the legal spouse of her roommate, when she had been.

Years ago there were a few instances of this sort of holdup, but since then, courts have recognized it as a racket. Legal precedents have been established, giving hotels the right to investigate guests if there is any suspicion of fraud or a question as to the guest's desirability.

Even then she didn't give up. She was one of those Legits who Have Important Connections. I forget whether she knew our resident manager's uncle or the sister-in-law of our board chairman. But

I'd hear more about it. It goes without saying that I never did.

High-grade hotels aren't troubled much with the hardboiled professional women—the regulars who are known to the precinct police and bail bondsmen. They take their casual clients to cheap rooming houses or hotels on side streets.

It's the Illegits, the ones you might call the semi-pros, who send house officers to the aspirin bottles. They often roam lobbies and cocktail lounges in pairs, ordering an after-theater snack or a few drinks. The hotel has to serve them just as it does any other guest . . . unless we suspect them of being under age.

But some times, especially with young females, it was tough to be sure whether a girl was a semi-pro or just a lonesome party in danger of getting into trouble because of her own amorous impulses. Some times one of these girls would be registered as a guest, which gave us a double responsibility: to see that no one bothered her, as well as to make sure she wasn't putting anything over. As in the curious case of Miss Hedley.

ONE SATURDAY evening at 9, I noticed a striking redhead marching to the elevators. I hadn't seen her before. She didn't have a sultry hip-swinging stride; she looked more like a smart young businesswoman. But she kept flicking glances around the lobby. To discourage any idea she might have had about getting into some room in a guest's absence, I went up in the elevator with her and let her see that I was giving her the cold eye. It didn't faze her.

She got off at the fifth. I went up to the sixth and down the stairs in time to see her letting herself into 564 with a key.

Presently I wandered past her door. Two voices, male and female. I thought I might have made a mistake about her. But when I checked downstairs, 564 was listed as being occupied by a Miss Sue Hedley.

Now from the hotel's standpoint, it's bad for a male guest to have a woman in his room. But a girl who invites men to her room is ten times worse; she can give a house a nasty reputation. So I went back to 564 with an assistant manager.

A pleasant feminine voice answered my rap. "Come in."

The girl in the boudoir chair had her legs crossed to show an interesting amount of hosiery. I must have registered astonishment—the girl was a striking brunette.

"Miss Hedley?" I had told the assistant manager she was a redhead; I could tell he was puzzled.

"Yes?"

"I'm the house officer."

"No kidding!" She grinned.

"You're not entertaining anyone in your room?" I felt kind of silly asking the question; to tell the truth, I was beginning to wonder if maybe I hadn't gotten off at the wrong floor.

The assistant manager was convinced I'd made a mistake. "Just wanted to remind you it's against our rules, Miss."

"My goodness, I wouldn't break one of your old rules." She laughed.

She was still laughing when we closed the door. On the way to the Down car, the assistant manager wondered how I had gotten my wires crossed. I didn't know.

An hour later I had a call from the Housekeeper's Office. A floor

maid had heard a man and a woman giggling in 564.

I took the assistant manager up again. This time when we knocked, a different female voice called: "Who is it?"

"House officer."

"Just a minute. I'm not dressed."

The assistant manager whispered: "Not the same girl!"

After three minutes I knocked again. "Give you one more minute, Miss."

The redhead opened the door. She was dressed. The ceiling lights were on; the shade was down. "Yes?" she inquired irritably.

"Miss Hedley?" I couldn't see any sign of a man.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Are you entertaining a gentleman in your room?"

"Not unless you call yourselves gentlemen—crashing in on a girl like this! Would you care to peek under the bed?"

I did that. "Mind if we look in the closet? There's been a report of a sneak thief on this floor. . . ."

I didn't wait for her permission, but opened the closet door. Nothing but her coat and a tiny piece of luggage.

She sneered. "Don't apologize for rushing away."

As I swung the closet door to, the draft it made whipped the window shade into the room. It was like the curtain going up on a vaudeville stage; on the window sill a pair of tan shoes and blue-trousered legs came into view.

The fellow had raised the bottom half of the window three-quarters of the way, pulled the top half down a couple of inches. He'd crawled out on the sill, reached up and grabbed the top of the upper sash. Then he had stood up on that narrow ledge, six stories above the street, while she had pulled the shade down to hide him!

This scared boy was mighty glad to have us hang onto him while he climbed back inside the room. When we told him he could go, he streaked out without so much as a "So long" to Miss Hedley.

For the redhead really was Miss Hedley. She and her brunette chum, Helen, had dreamed up a scheme whereby they could both use the same room for entertaining pickups.

She would meet a man in the bar, have a drink with him. Then she would give him her room number, go up and leave the door unlocked. After she had "entertained" him, she would shoo him out and go back to the bar.

By this time Helen would have found another man. Sue would slip the key to her, unobserved. Helen would go up and her customer would follow.

They worked, they said, only on Saturday afternoons and evenings. They were stenographers in a dress-manufacturing firm the rest of the week. Sue claimed the scheme had been worked out because they had not wanted to invite men up to the small apartment they shared.

We didn't turn the girls in, but we warned them not to try their tricks again.

By and large, it's my experience that the moral standards of hotel people are higher than that of the guests they serve. If this weren't true, the Security Office wouldn't get much help from employees in keeping the establishment decent.



Actually the maids, housekeepers, room-service waiters, bellmen and so forth are the eyes and ears of the house officers. Especially maids.

They notice lipstick on tissues in wastebaskets of male guests. A bobby pin on the floor beside the bed, a long blonde hair on the washbasin, powder on the glass top of the bureau, the odor of perfume. Or cigar ashes in the room of a female Single.

The case of Mrs. Ayar, as I'll call her, shows how much help an alert floor maid can be. Mrs. Ayar, in her thirties, was a kittenish redhead with a nice figure. She was married to a well-to-do retailer who brought her to New York to attend a convention at our hotel.

A roly-poly man who was jealously fond of his wife, he dressed and decorated her as if she lived in a showcase. She might have, from his point of view—loaded down with rings, pins, necklaces and a fine emerald-studded bracelet.

During the week at our hotel she seemed to enjoy mingling with the men and women in her husband's association. Afternoons there was always someone around to offer her a drink; generally she took it. Toward the end of the week, while Ayar was busy in a committee room, Mrs. Ayar bumped into a distinguished looking gentleman in the corridor. Literally bumped into him, or so she thought, for she spilled one of the two highballs he was carrying. She apologized prettily; he smiled amiably.

After he had identified himself as Charlie Graysett, a prominent linoleum jobber, she accepted the unspilled highball while he suggested their stepping down the hall to

his room while he got a refill. Mrs. Ayar saw no harm in that: perhaps the friendship might later be of use to her husband.

He led her around a bend in the corridor. As soon as she entered his room, she saw there were no samples of floor coverings to be seen. It was merely a man's bedroom, with bottles, glasses, a bowl of ice.

Immediately she felt uneasy. It wasn't right for a lady to be alone with a man in his bedroom . . . and the door locked, too! She decided she didn't want a drink. She wanted to get out, and said so.

But Graysett slid his arm around her waist, held her, pulled her toward the bed, wrestled her onto it. She struggled, and warned him she would scream unless he released her instantly.

But she didn't scream. Right then, the door burst open and a blonde rushed in. The blonde was evidently Mrs. Graysett. The newcomer was furious, raging at the man as a treacherous deceiver. But she went at Mrs. Ayar tooth and nail, howling that she'd fix this woman who was trying to steal her husband!

Mrs. Ayar was panic-stricken. Suppose the police should be called in? What would her husband think?

Mrs. Graysett raved on: she'd sue for alienation of affections. She'd strip this "other woman" of all that jewelry . . . which probably had been given to her by Graysett.

This gave Mrs. Ayar a desperate idea. She tore off her emerald bracelet and offered it to the "wife" if she would only forget the wretched affair.

The blonde laughed in her face. She wouldn't settle for a bracelet; she was going to phone the police right now. Mrs. Ayar was stripping off her rings to add them to the bracelet when I entered the room.

One of our floor maids had wheeled her linen cart into the third-floor corridor at just the moment Graysett was locking his door, after following Mrs. Ayar into the room. The maid had paid no attention until, after the door had closed, the blonde hurried down the corridor and stood outside the door, listening. The blonde had made the mistake of having her room key out.

Ordinarily, guests don't stand listening outside their rooms with keys poised for a quick entrance. The maid notified her assistant housekeeper, who called me.

If that maid hadn't been alert, in another five minutes "Mr. and Mrs. Graysett" would have been out of the hotel. And silly Mrs. Ayar would have had a bad time trying to explain to her husband what had happened to $10,000 in jewelry.

We didn't press charges, to save Mrs. Ayar's—and her husband's—feelings. As far as I know, he never learned of the matter. But about a month after the Ayars had gone back to the Middle West, I received a small, insured package in the mail. In it was a wristwatch engraved:

To Devlin Collans
With Eternal Gratitude

There was no card or note with

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

In text and pictures, a striking study of foreign ideals of feminine beauty as represented by eight glamorous European actresses.

the gift. So I never wrote to Mrs. Ayar to thank her. But it was a good watch. I still wear it.

If you have traveled much, chances are you have left some possession behind in a hotel room. You probably wrote, asking if it had been found and would the hotel be so good as to return it? In which case you have received a polite form letter: We are glad to advise that the property has been found and is being sent to the address given.

You may have wondered why they didn't notify you "at address given" as soon as the article was found. The case of Mr. S—— may explain.

Mr. S—— was a distiller from Illinois. One Friday in November, Mr. and Mrs. S—— checked in for a weekend, picking up a reservation made a week earlier for a suite. They were a good-looking, well-dressed couple, the kind of guests a hotel likes. So when it was discovered, after they had checked out, that Mrs. S—— had left behind a pair of crimson mules, the L & F office hastened to return them.

We heard the repercussions all the way from Illinois. The lady who had registered with Mr. S—— wasn't his wife but a local charmer known to the real Mrs. S——. So well known, in fact, that when the package was delivered to the S—— home, not to the gentleman's office, Mrs. S—— immediately recognized the feathered mules.

There was no way for Mr. S—— to lie out of it. He couldn't save face by claiming the hotel had made a mistake in returning someone else's property. Those mules were the red flag to an enraged Mrs. S——. She sued for divorce and named the corespondent in no affectionate terms.

Along about 10 o'clock every evening, the head cashier of a large metropolitan hotel will stack in the Front Office safe the day's cash receipts, anywhere from $40,000 to $75,000. For every dollar in that stack, there will be a sharpshooter dreaming up some scheme to put over a fast one.

No Security Staff could hope to beat this army of thieves without a lot of help. Most of this comes from other employees, working in what amounts to an espionage network. But there are certain devices which assist them. Such as the Red Plug.

SOME YEARS AGO the Right Hon. Horace Bruggley, M.P., arrived in New York from London to conclude an export arrangement with American firms. He took a three-room suite in the hotel where I was then employed and proceeded to do some high-level entertaining.

After a week of fairly constant festivities in the M.P.'s elaborate quarters, the deals were completed satisfactorily and H. Bruggley, Esq., checked out. On his bill, naturally, was quite a batch of phone charges, including several trans-Atlantic tolls. But the M.P. balked at two items for New York-to-London calls totaling $189. He could recall no such conversations. Nor had he ever heard of the individuals to whom the calls had been made.

I inquired if the Britisher had been entertaining a number of people in his suite on that particular day. Yes, indeed, he recalled. It had been a memorable party.

I had to point out that presumably an exhilarated guest had

slipped into one of the suite's bedrooms and put through the toll calls while the host was busy pouring Scotch and soda in the living room.

Reluctantly, he admitted this might have happened. But, since he didn't have the remotest suspicion as to which of his acquaintances could have played such a trick on him, would the hotel cancel the $189?

The management, not wanting to antagonize a good patron, agreed to absorb the charge. This, and other similar incidents, brought about the use of the Red Plug.

The phone-drunk is a familiar problem in any hotel. A certain type of individual seems to gravitate toward the telephone as soon as he has had "one over the eight," and the party with whom he longs to speak will invariably be halfway across the continent. Occasionally one of our switchboard girls, listening to the quality of the connection, would become aware of the unintelligible speech at our end and manage to break it up before the charges began to skyrocket.

But with some 20,000 calls going through the switchboard every day, it would be too much to expect the operators to stop all calls of that nature. So the girls fix, to the plugs of phones in rooms where the liquor is known to be flowing, little colored tabs. These red-marked plugs warn operators who may just have come on duty not to accept toll charges without positive proof the caller is the registered guest.

I remember one regular patron, a wealthy lumberman from the West Coast, who asked us to put a Red Plug on his phone, after he spent a lost weekend, with a rather unusual restriction.

Once that Red Plug was on, our operators were "unable" to make any long-distance connections unless he was sober enough to remember the license number on the car his wife drove, back in Washington.

Not even the most watchful operator, however, can do much about fraudulent incoming calls, as witness the notorious case of General N——.

The General was a man of wealth and influence; he hailed from a Midwestern city; on his frequent visits to New York, he was a privileged guest at our hotel.

One morning a long-distance call came in from Indianapolis; General N—— wished to speak to the reservation manager, Frank Heflin.

"Frank, I'm flying to New York Monday. I want the same rooms I had last time. Can you fix me up for a week?"

Heflin was flattered at being on a first-name basis with the General; he was delighted to accommodate a guest who wanted a week's reservation at $90 per day.

"By the way, Frank, my old friend, Colonel Juntizo, is flying up from Mexico City to complete some business arrangements with my corporation. If he should check in before I get there, look after him, like a good fellow."

Monday afternoon the Colonel arrived at the hotel with plenty of luggage. He was a quietly reserved gentleman of Castilian accent, but seemed annoyed to find the General wasn't already in the house, the more so because he wished to cash a check on a Mexico City bank.

Heflin, anxious to please, assured him the General would probably be along soon. Then there would be

no difficulty about funds since the General was well known.

The General didn't arrive; instead, another call came from Indianapolis for Heflin. An unforeseen conference had delayed the General's take-off until next afternoon. Meantime, had Colonel Juntizo reached New York safely?

Heflin said the Colonel had arrived but, before switching the call to the General's suite, he mentioned the Colonel's check. Would it be all right to cash it? From Indianapolis came amused assurance that the Colonel's check would be good up to six figures; the General would guarantee it.

An hour later the hotel was poorer by $3,750 and the fake Colonel was richer by that amount, less whatever split he had to make with the voice which had imitated the General's, out in Indianapolis. Since then, few checks have been okayed in that hotel on anyone's phoned say-so!

Much more useful than Red Plugs, when it came to people anxious to take the cash and let the credit manager worry, were the Red Cards in our Guest History files. If you've ever stopped at a big hotel, your name will be there.

Assuming you have been a reasonably good patron, your card will be White and bear nothing more than the date of your previous patronage, the price of the room, the amount you spent and any preferences or complaints you may have expressed.

Should you be a VIP, or a patron of long standing, you may be honored with a Blue card, indicative of your blue-ribbon status. But if you ever (a) departed with any valuable hotel property in your luggage (b) skipped without paying your bill or (c) bounced a check on the cashier's wicket, you'll be marked with a Red Card.

Cross-indexed with these Red Cards are often a number of others bearing the various aliases the person has been known to use when defrauding other hotels. Sometimes these aliases are supplied by the Burns Detective Agency, which operates under contract to the American Hotel Association.

On the Red Card, following a detailed description of the person's appearance, manner of dress, habits and the like, will be a notation of the method the crook has employed. Here is one which circulated for months until I helped to remove the gentleman from circulation:

T——— F———, registers single. Generally stays three or four days. Pretends to be salesman selling to retail stores. When



paying his bill, offers check made out to him by well-known local store, usually for $250 to $300. Mentions names of company executive. Check is on good imitation of tinted bank stock, printed with name of store, perforated with check-protecting device, signed and countersigned, with rubber-stamped endorsement clause on reverse. F——— also presents letter on facsimile store letterhead, apparently forwarded to him by mail at the hotel, referring to check transmitted "herewith." Never shows envelope, hence is not liable for mail fraud. If apprehended, hold and notify . . .

This gentleman took his pitcher to the well once too often while I happened to be within hearing. He was trying to pay his bill, amounting to $46, at the busiest time of day, 5:45 in the evening.

He had the letter from one of the biggest local stores, and the check which was mentioned in the letter. The name on check and letter wasn't the one on his Red Card, or on any of the cross-reference cards. It was a brand-new one.

He looked all right: he sounded all right: his credentials were perfect. If it hadn't happened that I had been going over the Association flyers the evening before, I would never have suspected him. As it was, I played cagey by being apologetic when I asked him to step to my office.

He made a mistake by trying to make a run for it. I didn't have to be apologetic then, and wasn't.

While I'm on this topic, there's a habit of hotel personnel which may have annoyed you if you have ever tried to cash a check without having a hotel credit card. You may remember that, if you did succeed in getting the credit manager's okay, it took you quite a while to convince him, no matter how much usually-acceptable identification you may have had with you.

The reason for this is that any crook is bothered by delay in putting over a fast one. The longer it takes, the more chance there is that someone will recognize him. Hence the Stall. The credit manager will be watching closely for any such signs of apprehension.

If the C.M. did okay your check, probably he walked part way to the cashier's window with you, possibly he took the check to the cashier himself. You may have supposed this was an act of courtesy for having made you wait. Actually, it was simply a precaution to see that you didn't pause somewhere to copy his scrawled signature or initials. One of the favorite tricks of clippers is to get a good check approved in order to duplicate that okay, which may then be forged on a later and worthless piece of paper.

Somebody has defined a convention as a lot of loose spenders getting tight. To be sure, the consumption of alcohol isn't slowed down by the gathering of business and professional clans. But at the hotels for which I've worked, liquor was never as big a problem as sex.

Offhand I could name a score of prominent business organizations at whose annual meetings girls were more important than speeches. I've had members of national trade associations admit to me that the principal reason they attended the

yearly talk-fest was to be able to "play around a few nights"—which they never dared to do back in their home towns.

The sort of girls who provide this stimulating entertainment are very different from the Commercial Artists. Most of them couldn't be classed as prostitutes by any stretch of the term, though virtually all do swap intimacies for gifts or money before the evening is over.

Some will be employees of a company whose sales manager has an axe to grind with convention delegates. One may be a stenographer for a trade publication, whose editor or advertising manager finds it advantageous to be "in with the boys." Another a model acquainted with the junior executive who has been assigned to see the friends of the firm "don't get lonesome."

Many of them will have been "arranged for" in advance of the evening when they will join the festivities. A few may be spur-of-the-moment inspirations; once in the hotel suite a secretary, primed with a couple of drinks, may be induced to call up a young housewife "whose husband works nights" or "a girl I used to know in college."

If the convention girl has been around enough to know how such things should be handled, she may be told, before she gets too involved, that under no circumstances shall she take any money from the "friend of the firm" or the "important customer." The company, she will be given to understand, will fix that up later.

I always went very lightly on convention parties. This was because, in many cases, nothing more than the get-acquainted stages would take place in our hotel. Couples would become friendly after a few drinks, then decide there might be more exciting things to do than sing barbershop tunes, and depart.

There was another reason I wore my best kid gloves when investigating any complaint which had to do with rooms on a convention floor. If Sam Jones, in from Wichita on business, raised an objectionable rumpus, I could deal with him and any female he might have sneaked to his room. But if someone suggested I quiet the disturbance in the suite of Bill Smith, in from St. Louis as a delegate to a big convention, I had to keep in mind that



Smith had several hundred friends in the house. Any or all of them might resent it if the hotel dealt harshly with them.

If Smith had been tippling and if there were several girls in his rooms, he might feel compelled to throw his weight around, to demonstrate what a big shot he was. Many a reputable citizen would, when teed up, become incensed over a fancied insult to some girl he would hardly be able—or willing—to recognize 24 hours later.

WHILE MOST convention girls are recruited from the office forces, the sales personnel or the casual acquaintances of the executives entrusted with "seeing that the boys enjoy themselves," sometimes there aren't enough of them to go around. Or possibly they might be, in the opinion of the official procurer, too tame to satisfy some of the more sophisticated customers.

Then, address books with lists of cryptic phone numbers will be consulted; at the desired time, a couple of the more experienced Ladies of the Evening will show up. Usually there will be only two of these, partially because items of $100 per entertainer are more difficult to camouflage on expense accounts. Sometimes, however, the boys get more than they bargained for, it being fairly common practice for such girls to arrange for a "plain-clothes raid." Then comes the blackmail payment.

If there is any better place than a hotel to see the ups and downs of human nature, I don't know where it is. The house officer, especially, sees people at their best or worst, in high spirits or down in the dumps. One person will be gay and cheerful, looking forward to meeting a friend, planning on having a hot time in the old town. Another will be coming back to his room after a tiring day, possibly depressed at knowing no one to whom he can talk, at having no place to go in the strange city.

Then, too, few people behave the same way away from home as when they are in their own backyard. Some get a lift out of new surroundings, become exhilarated at being without the usual responsibilities of friends or family. Others become more aloof, stand on their dignity because they are not at ease among strangers.

Of course, it's just these ever-changing attitudes on the part of different guests which make a house officer's job so interesting. The problems have changed some since I started in the business, but the guests have changed less than anything else. Hotels have become more efficient, more convenient, most comfortable. Possibly, just possibly, they have lost, in the process of improvement, some of the personal touches which used to make a guest feel at home when he walked up to the mail desk in the "good old days."

Air-conditioning, television in every room, the clock in the radio by which you can set your own morning call to wake up musically . . . all wonderful. And the guests are still wonderful, too. But with all the complicated apparatus of modern hotel efficiency, the Front Office hasn't yet found a way to replace the house officer with electric eyes. And I don't expect they ever will.



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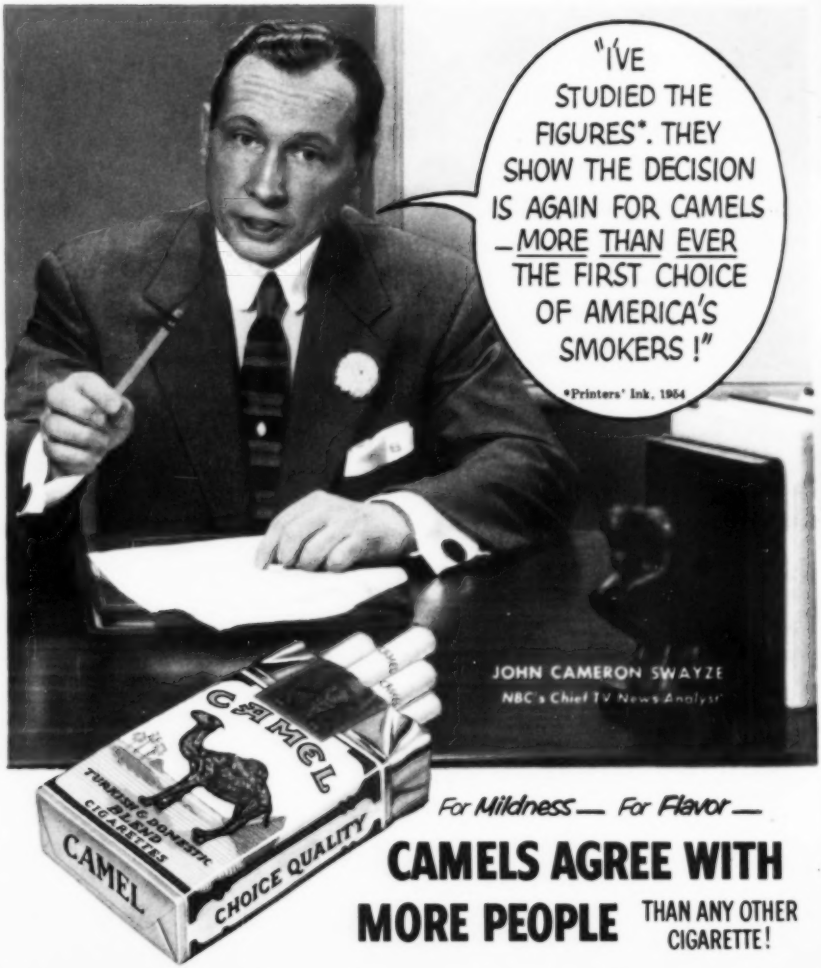
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